



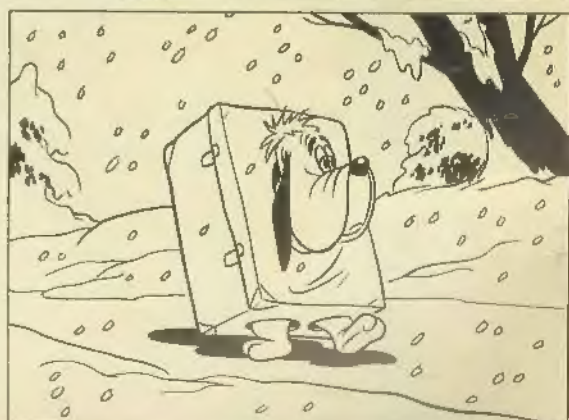
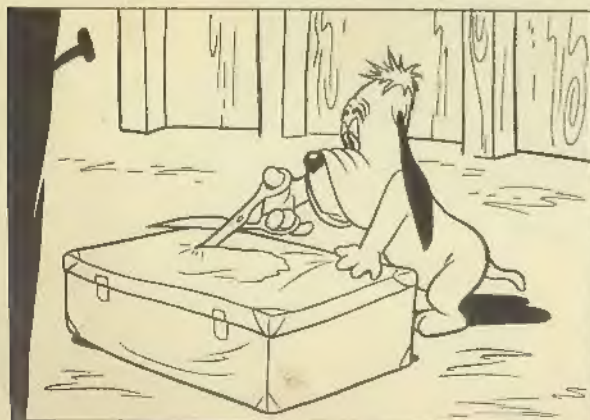
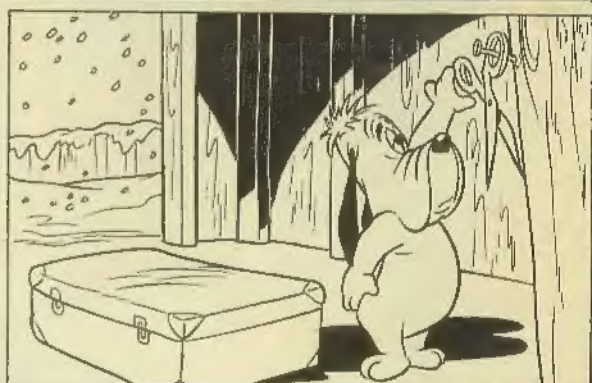
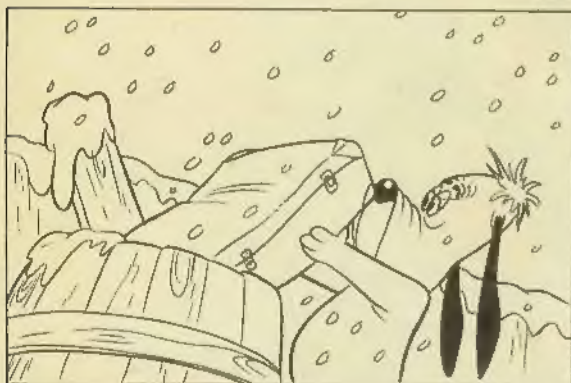
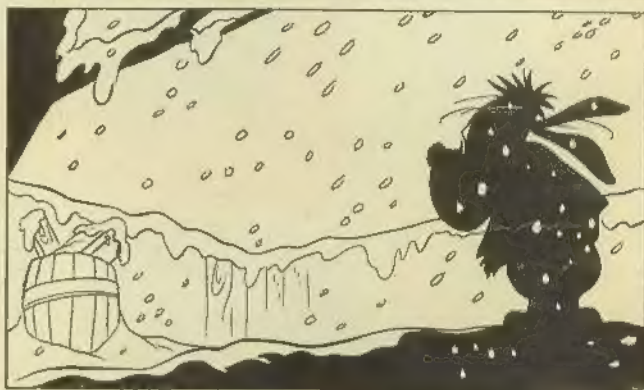
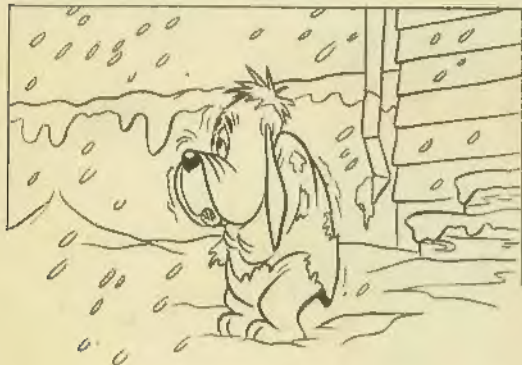
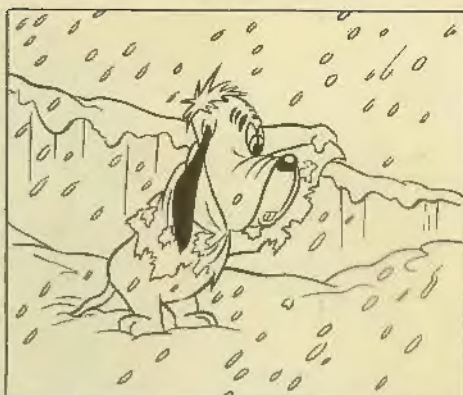
10¢



Our Gang with Tom & Jerry



DOODY



OUR GANG With TOM & JERRY, Vol. 1, No. 55, February, 1949. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York, 16, N.Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter August 26, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Copyright, 1948 by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

TOM and JERRY

HEY,
JERRY!

WHERE THE
HECK IS THAT
GUY?

JER-RY!

Y-YEAH?

SAY, FATTY, I FOUND
OUT WHAT HAPPENED
TO TOM!

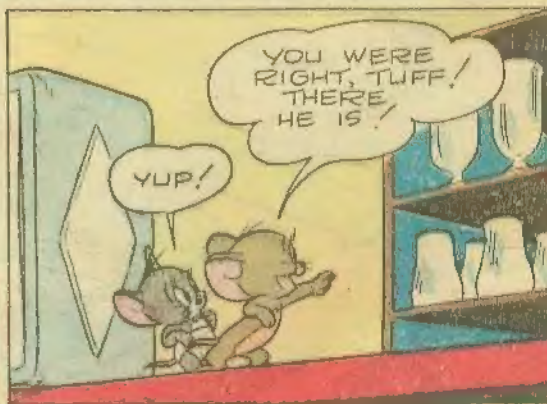
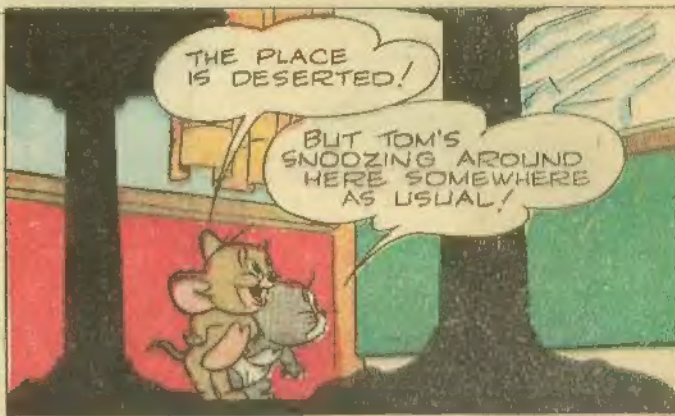
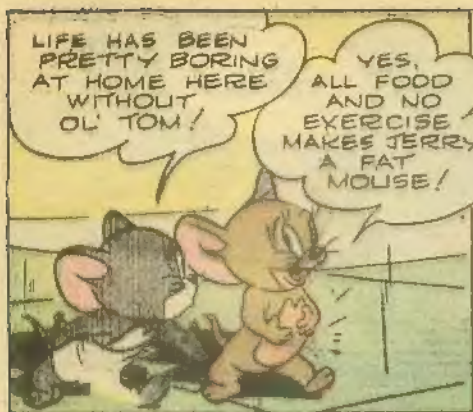
YES?
WHERE
HAS HE
BEEN?

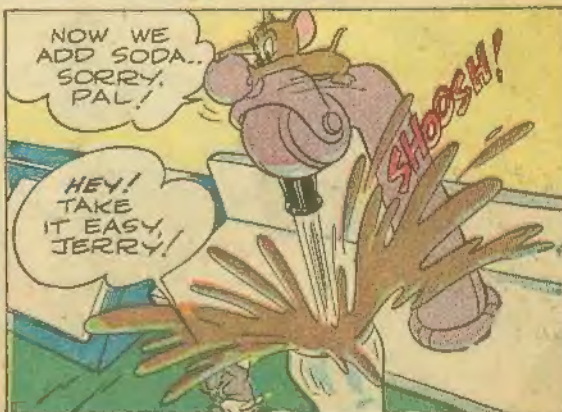
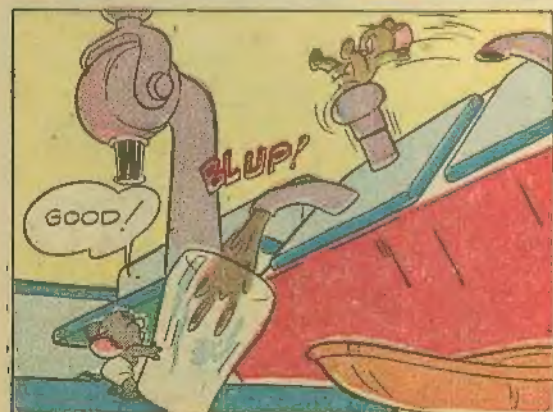
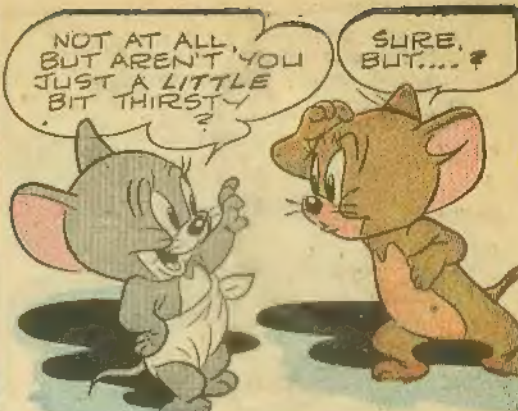
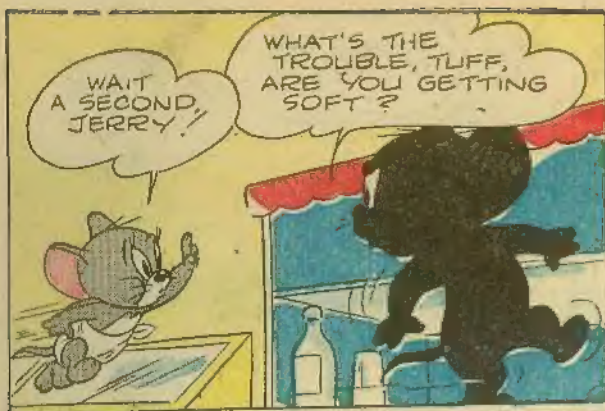
HE TOOK A
JOB DOWN
AT THE
DRUG STORE!

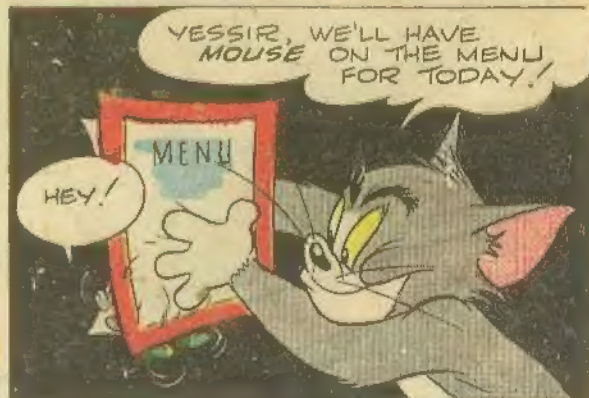
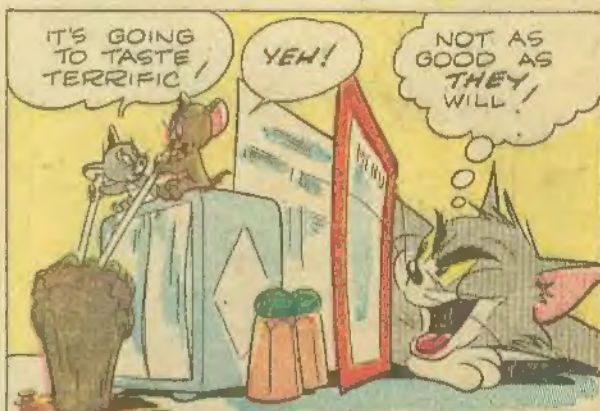
WHAT'S THE
JERK DOING,
SODA JERKING?

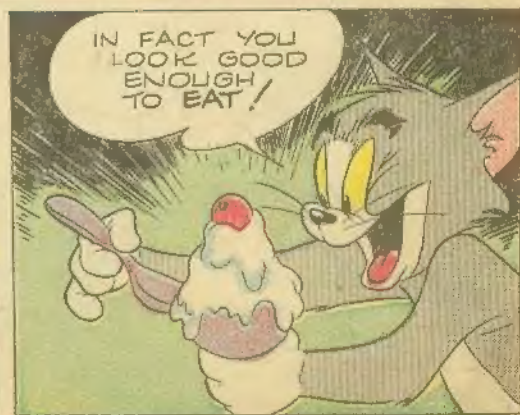
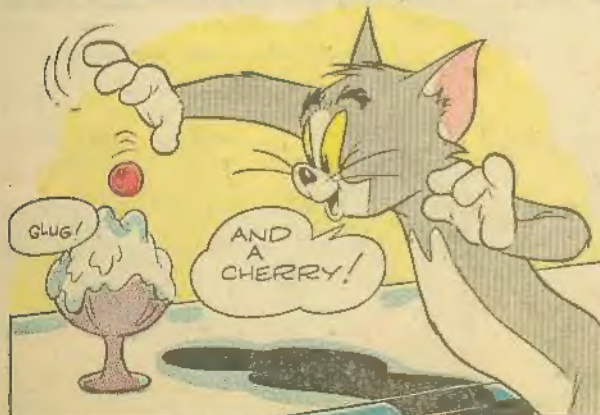
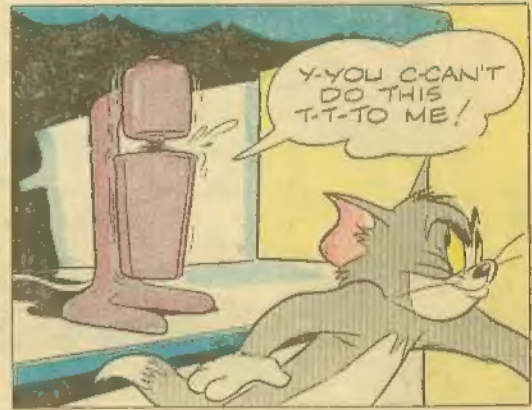
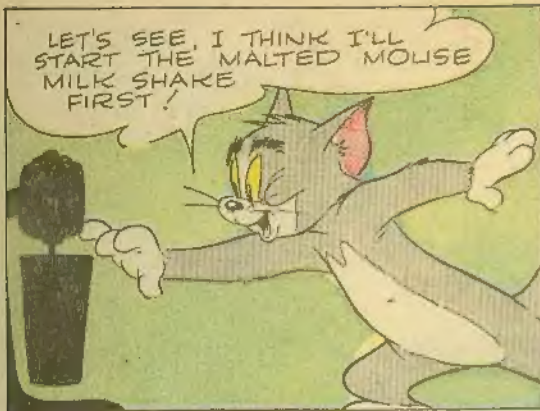
NOPE,
KEEPING
MICE
OUT OF THE
STORE!

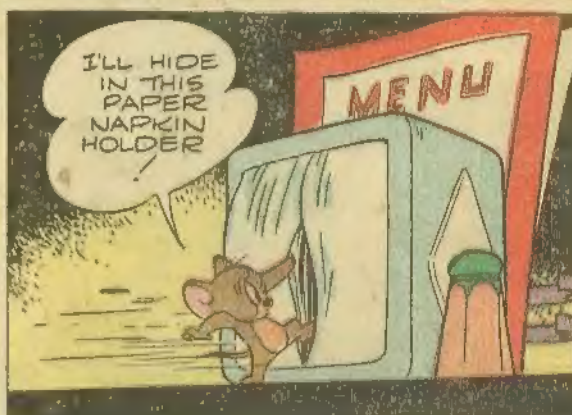
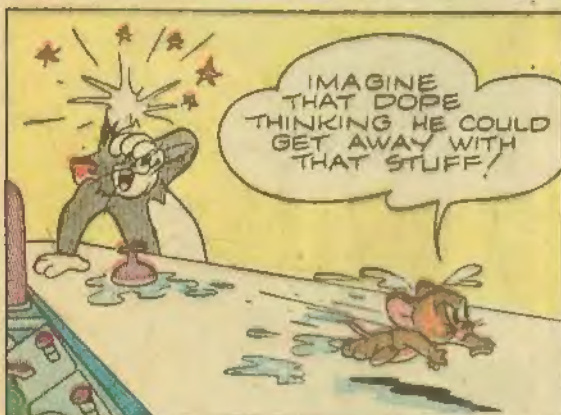
MICE?
HA! HA! HA!
LET'S
PAY HIM
A VISIT!

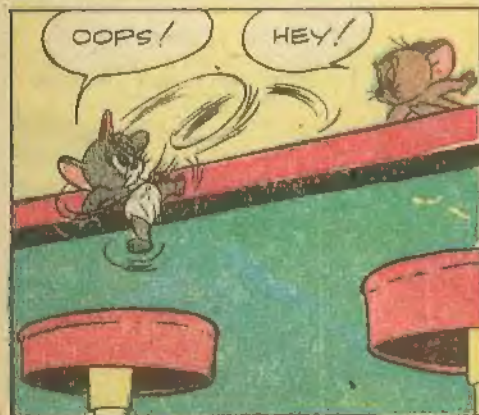
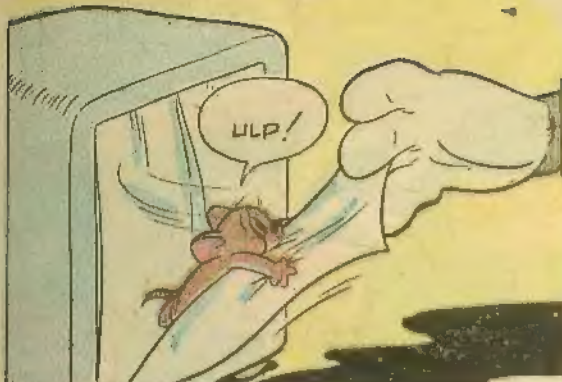


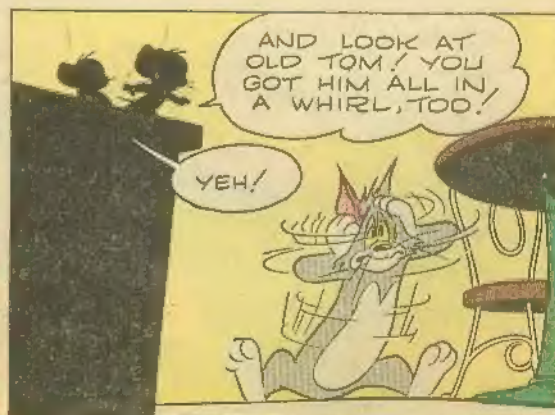
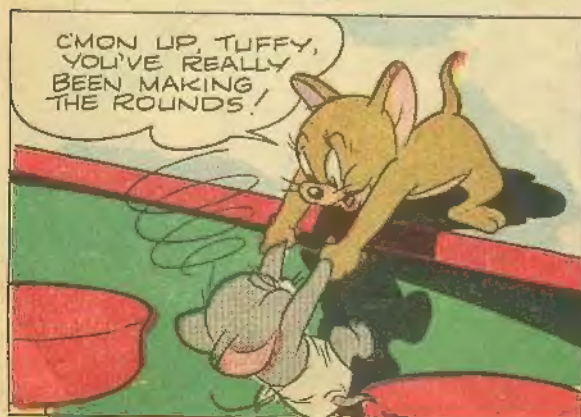
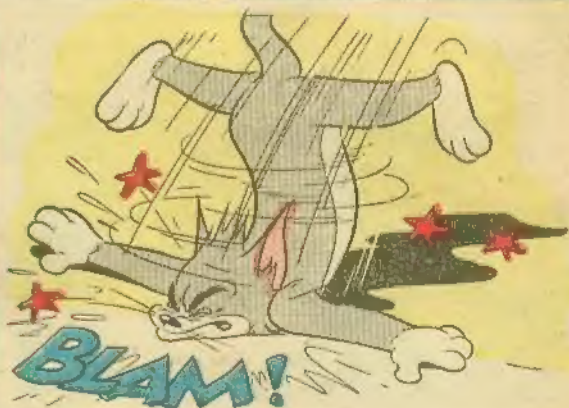
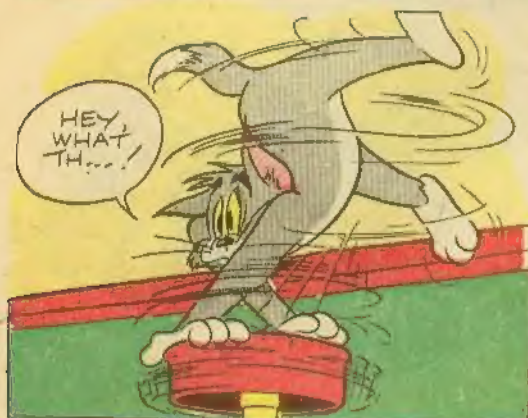


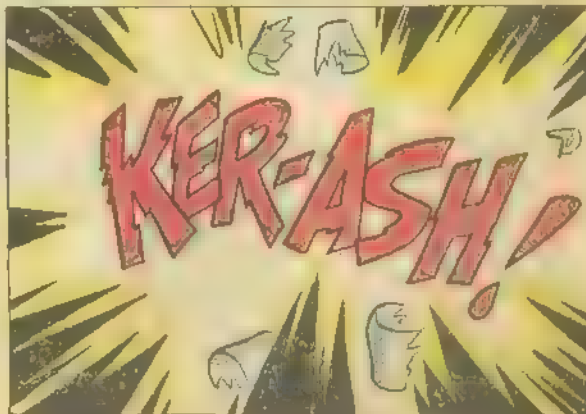
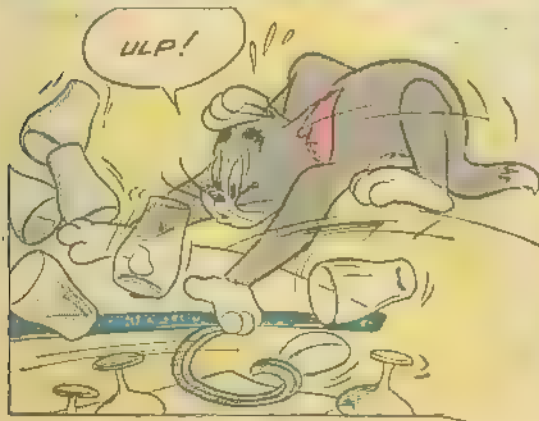
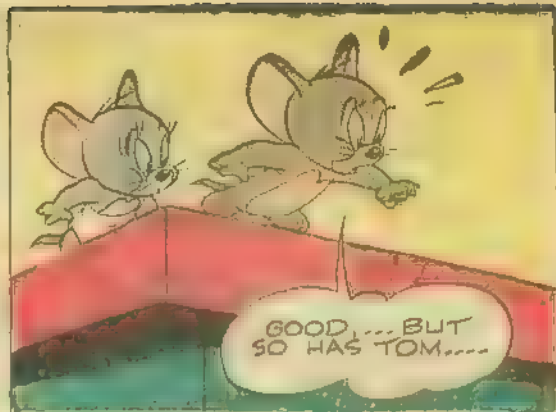
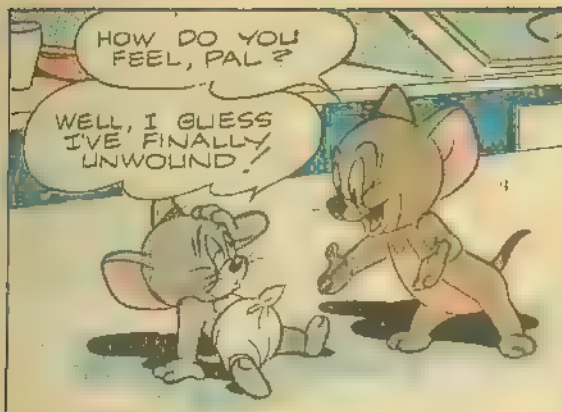


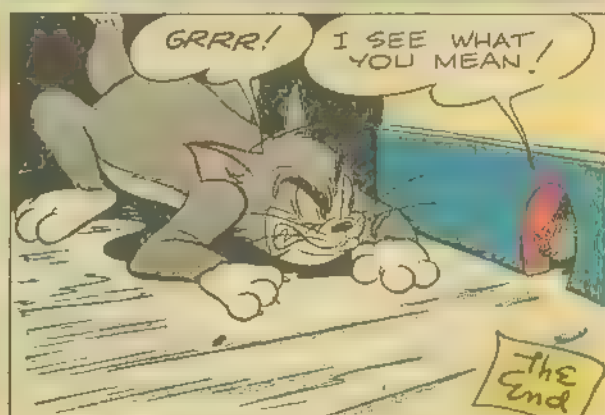
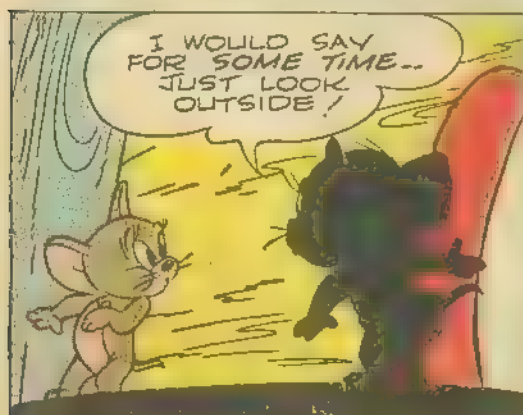
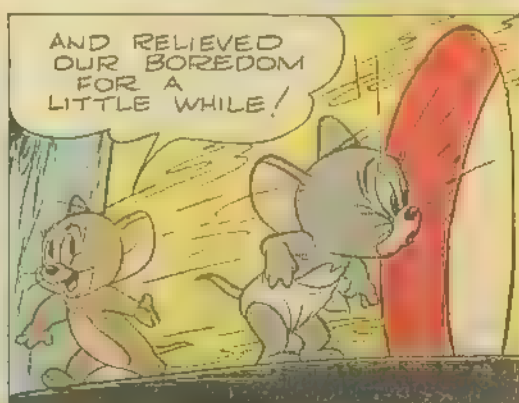
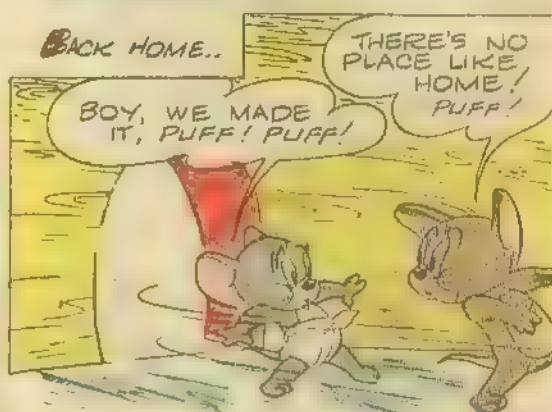
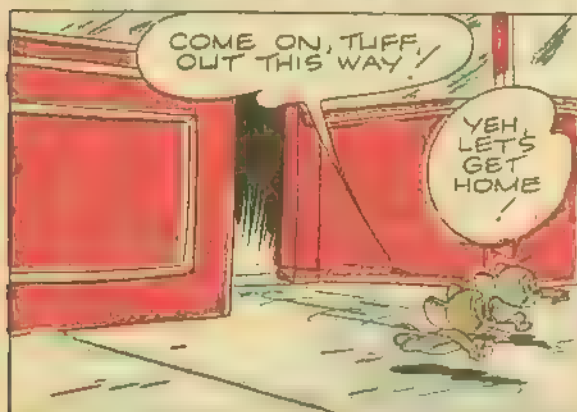






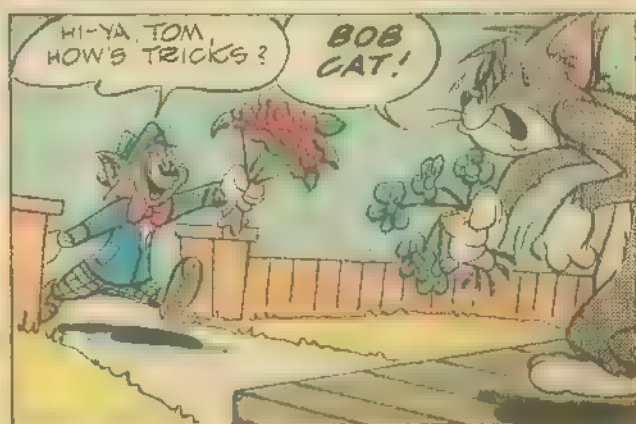
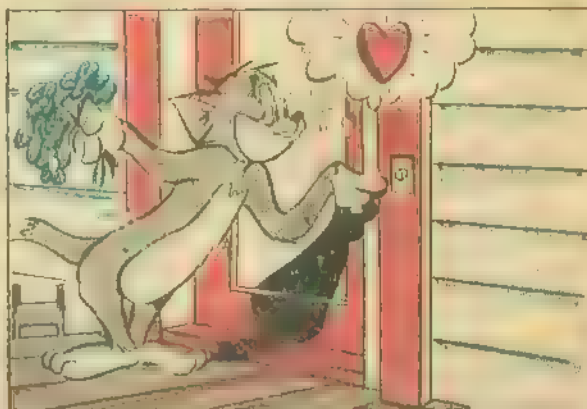
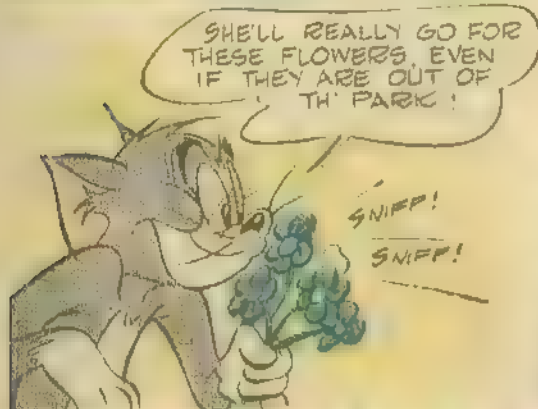
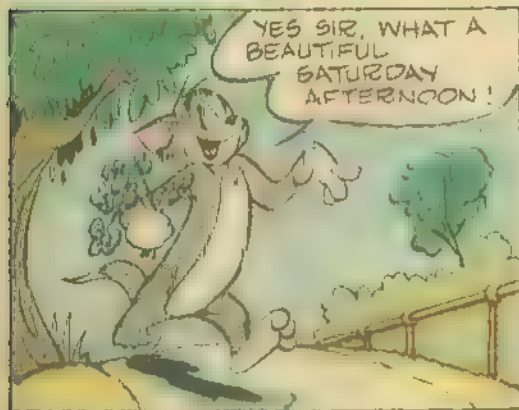
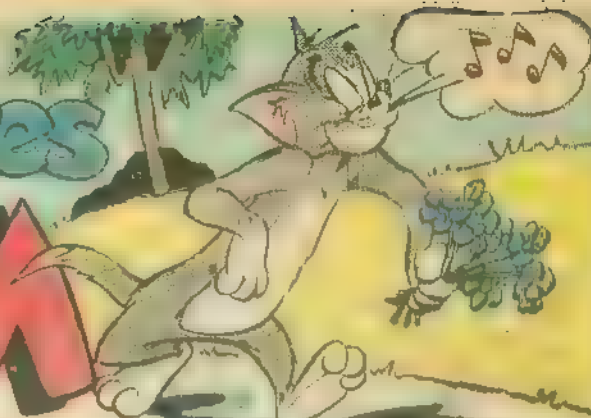


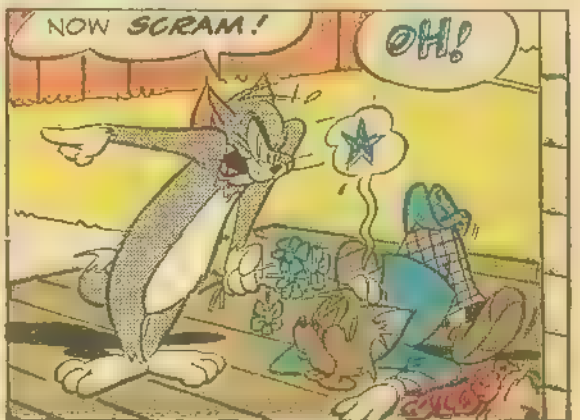
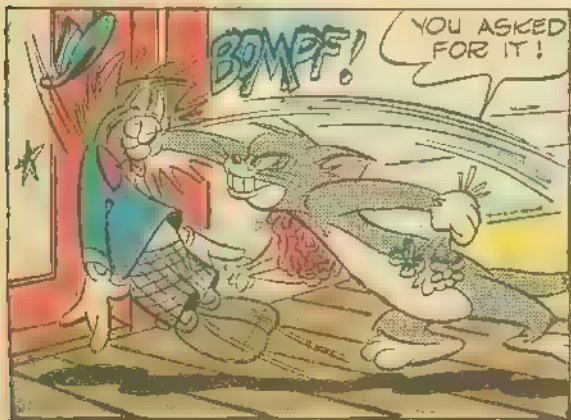
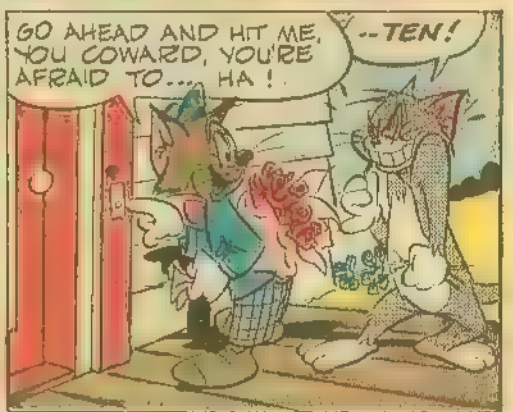
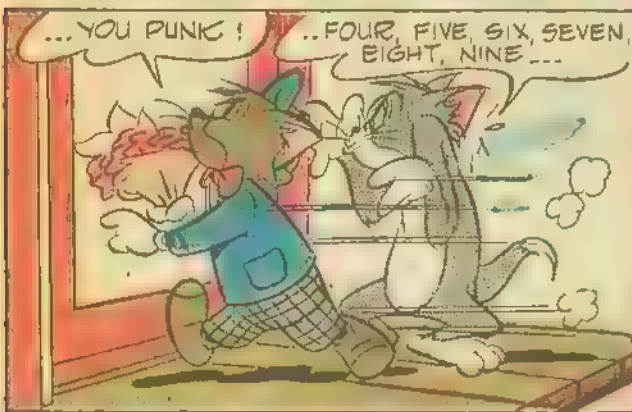
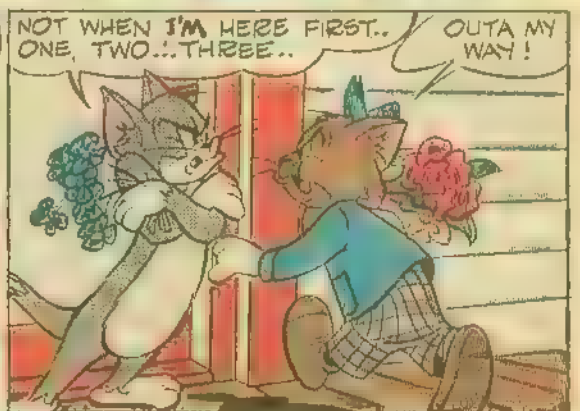
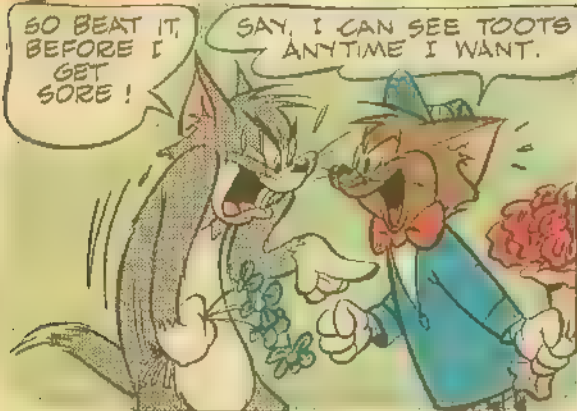
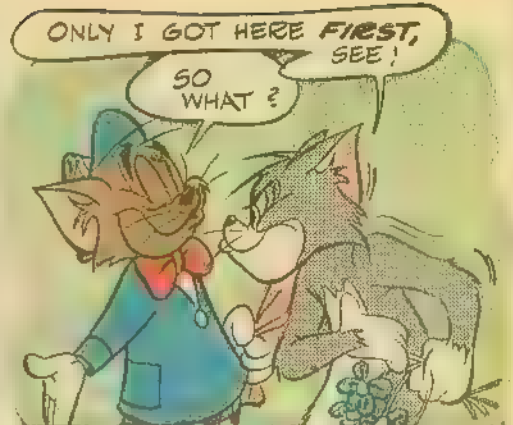
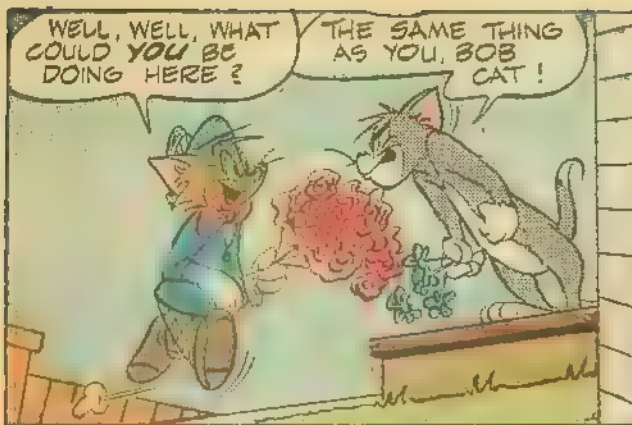


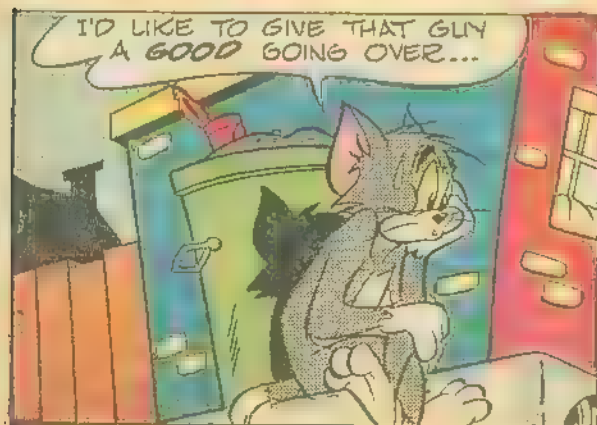
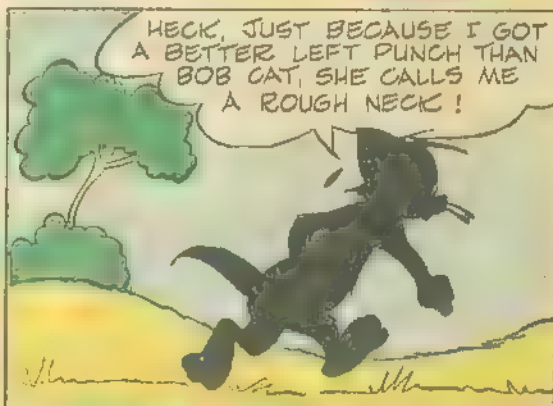
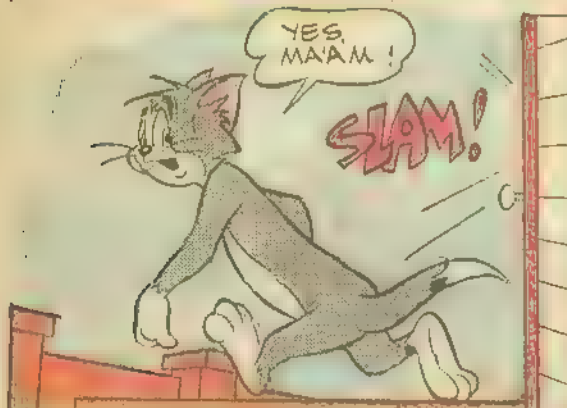
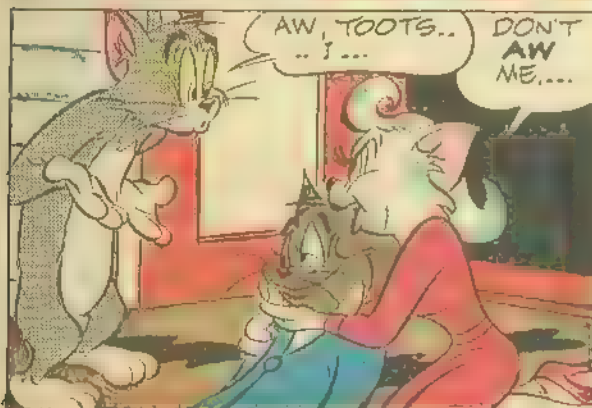
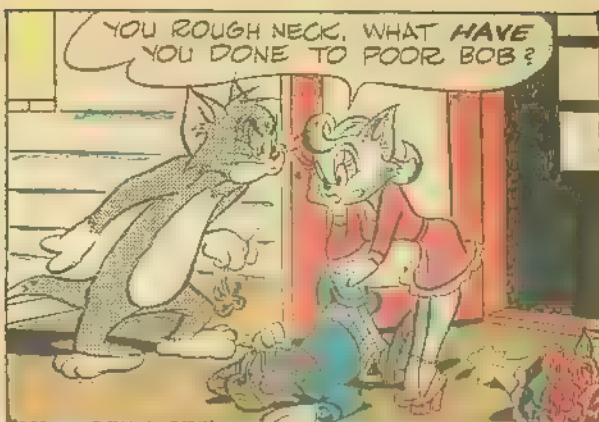
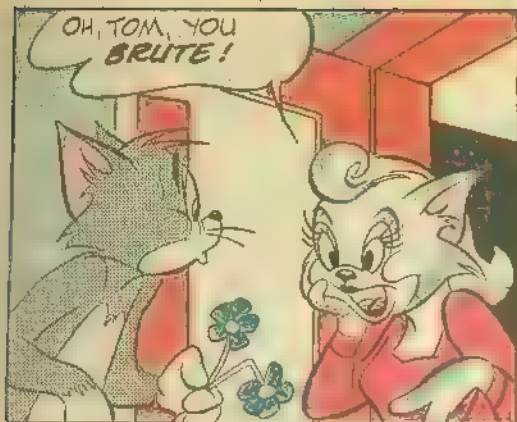


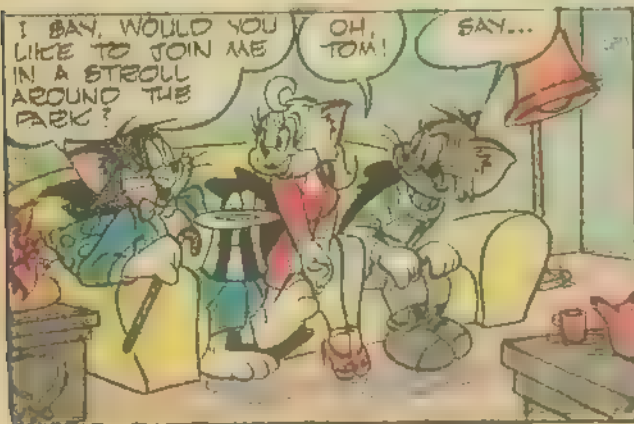
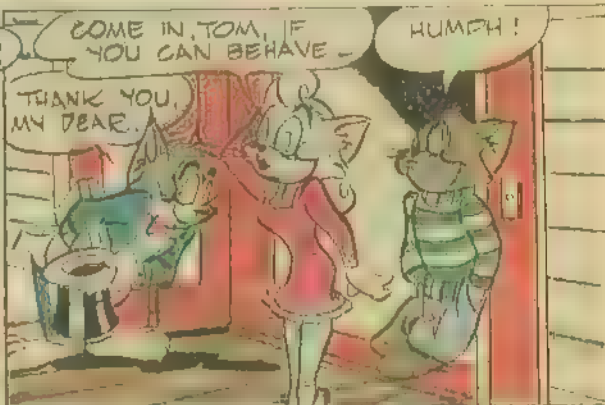
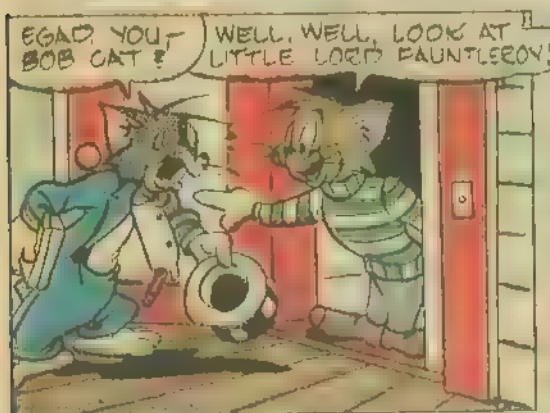
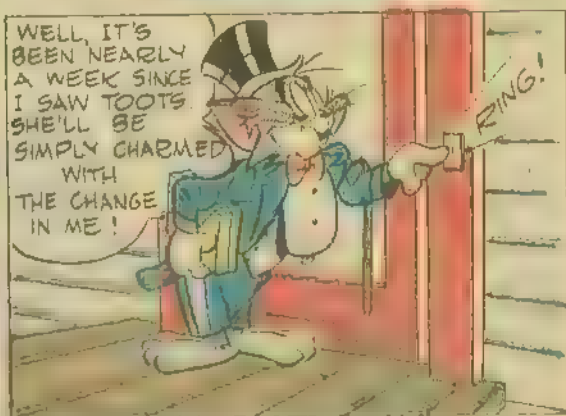
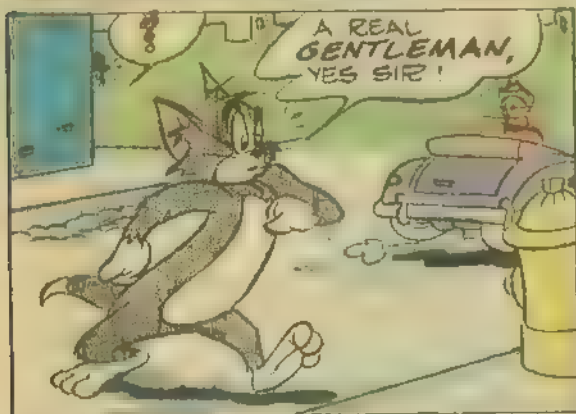
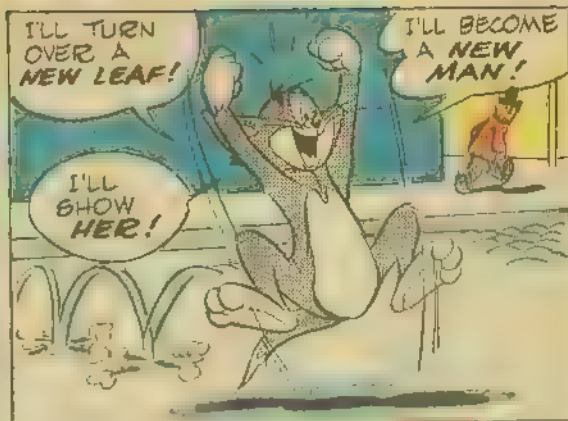
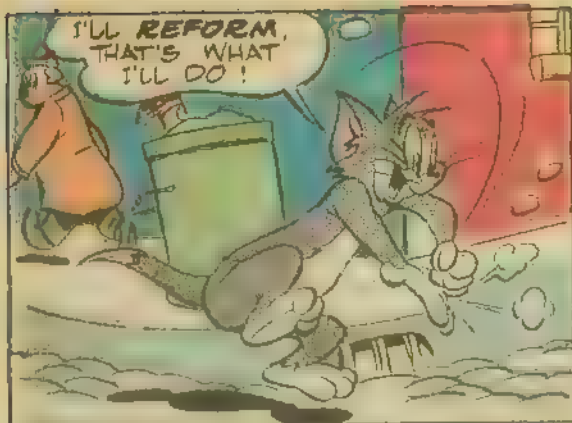
THE MGM presents

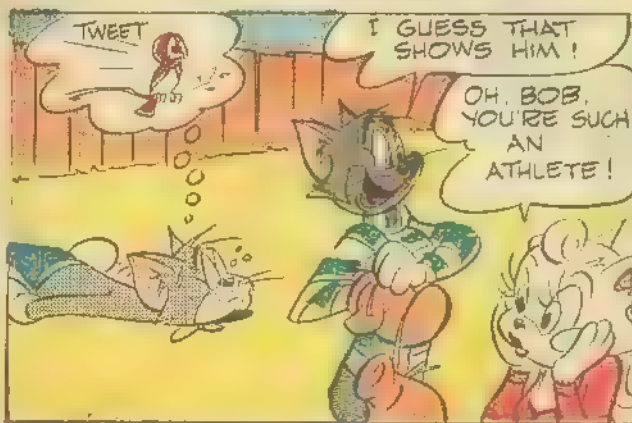
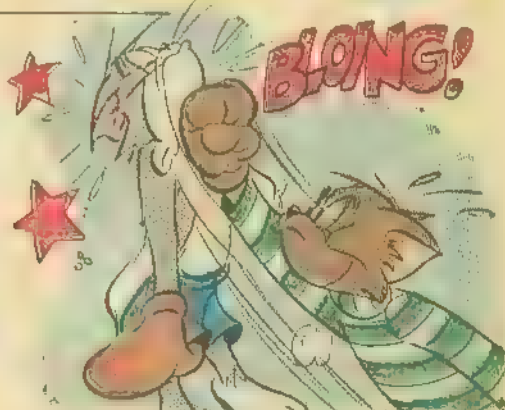
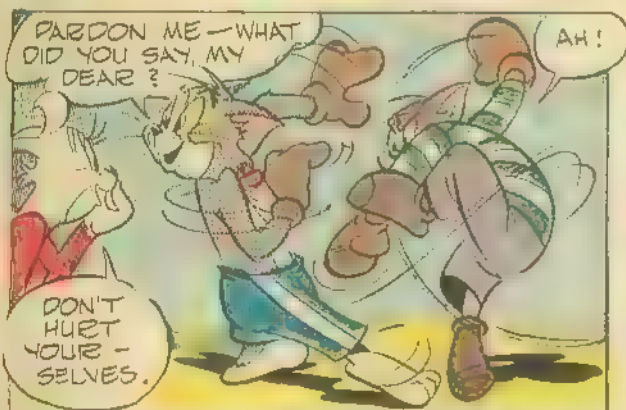
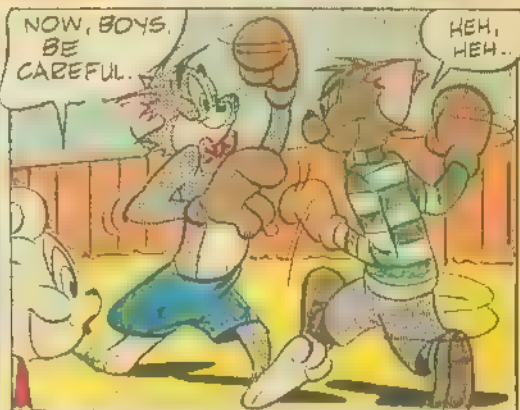
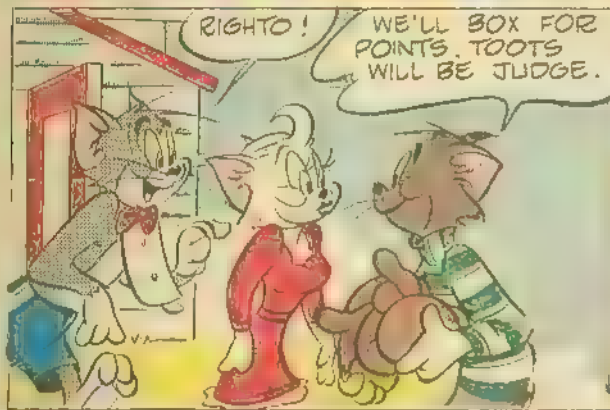
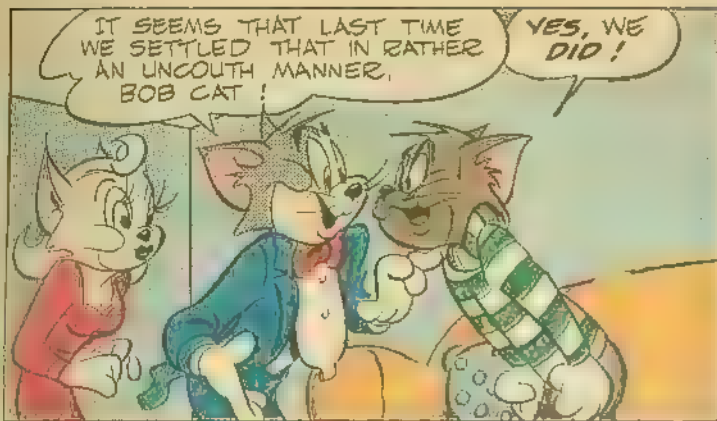
Adventures of TOM

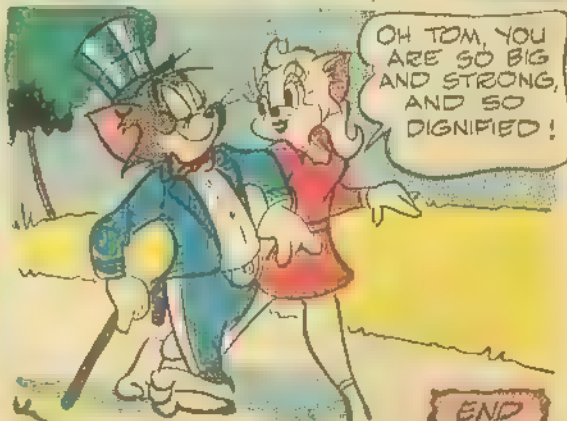
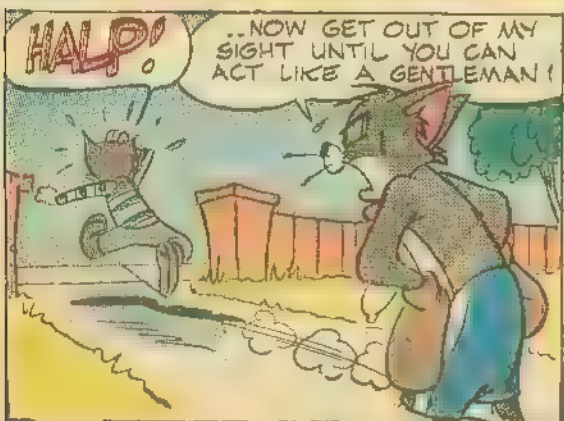
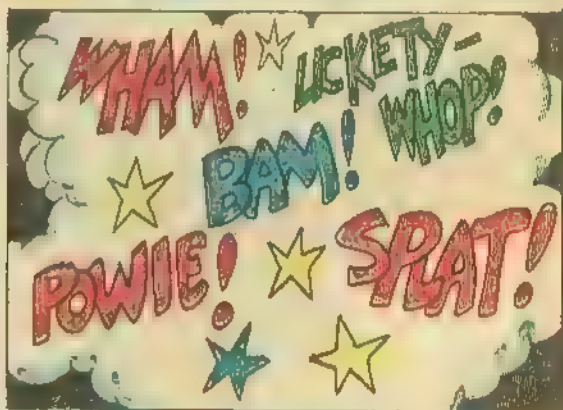
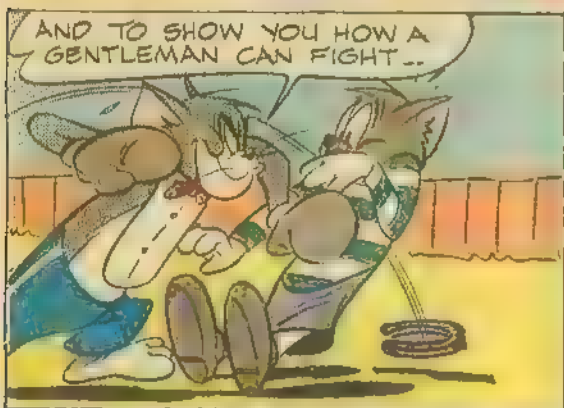
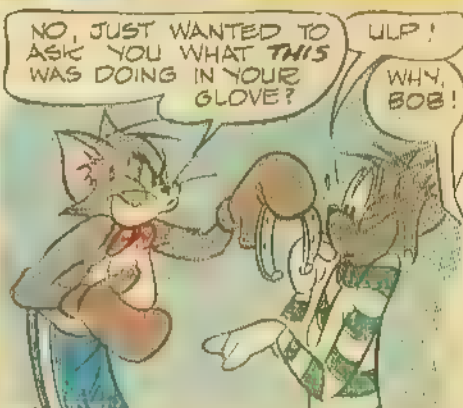
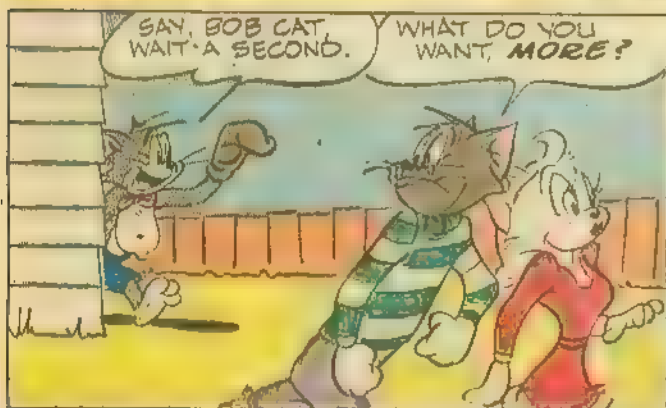
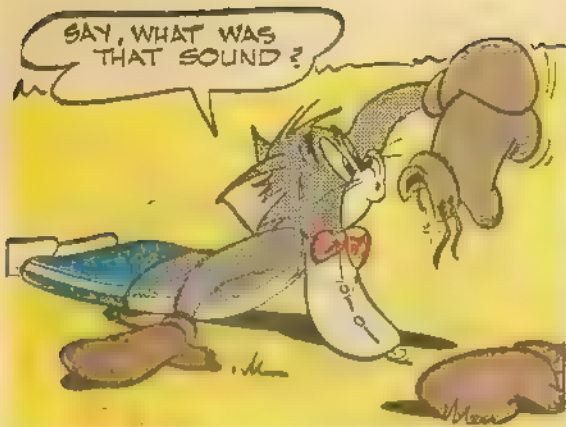






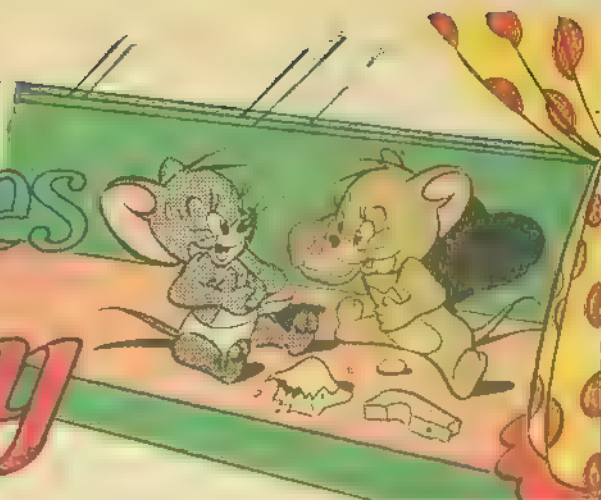






the **MGM** presents

Adventures of Jerry



Jerry and Tuffy were sitting on the window sill in the kitchen. They had been breakfasting on the crumbs from someone's late midnight snack. Evidently the folks had been too tired to do a cleanup job, and the little mice had taken care of it for them.

"Wow!" gasped Jerry. "Am I stuffed!"

"Me, too," said Tuffy, patting his round little tummy.

They climbed slowly down from the sill and onto the kitchen table. "We must be getting fat," thought Jerry. "Ole Tom is getting too lazy to chase us, so we're missing our exercise. Maybe Tom is just waiting for us to get so fat we can't run. He's a real schemer, that guy!"

Jerry was thinking so hard that he almost walked right into the toaster. He looked into the shiny surface of the electric toaster, and then grabbed Tuffy. "My Gosh! Look at us! We're enormous!" Jerry panted.

Both mice stood and gaped at their reflections in the rounded side of the toaster. They looked like balloons with tiny heads, and spindly arms and legs. Jerry and Tuffy both moaned.

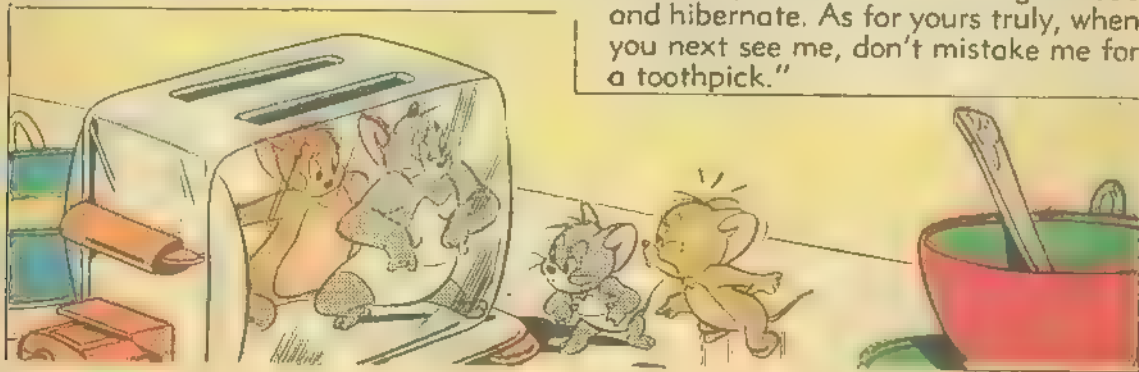
"We'll have to go on a diet, Tuffy," sighed Jerry.

"Not me," answered Tuffy. "I have absolutely no will power."

"I guess I don't have much myself," said Jerry, "but we have to diet or exercise or something . . ."

"Well," Tuffy answered, "I will go into hibernation like the bears do. They sleep in their caves for months without a bite to eat. When they come out, they are very thin. Not only that, but their tempers are considerably shorter. If I stay in my mouse hole and don't eat for a week, ole Tom Cat better watch out. I'm so short, my temper will be even shorter than a bear's."

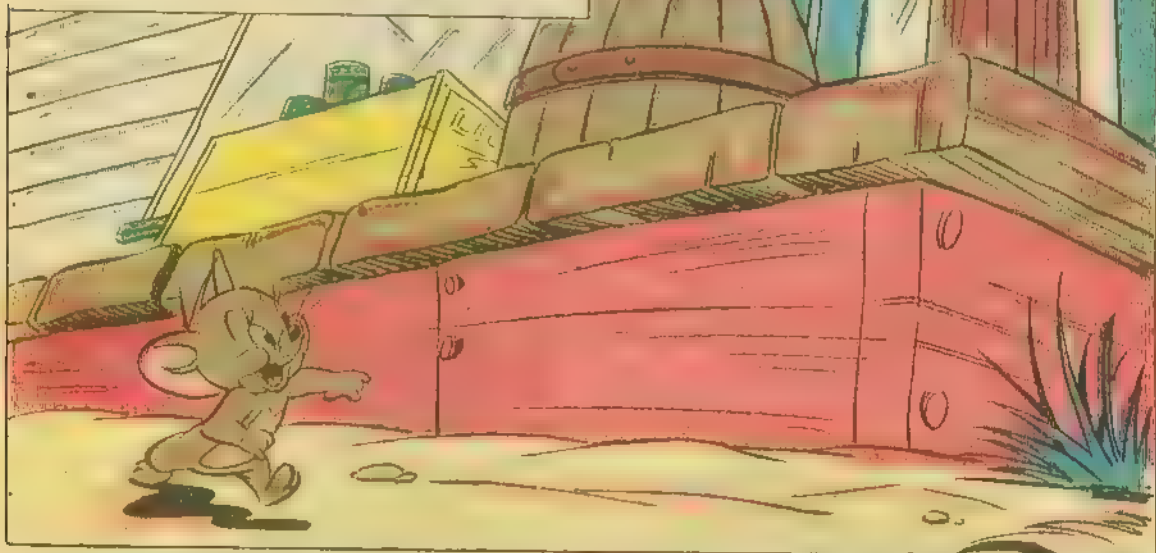
"That may be O.K. for you, but not for me," Jerry said. "I'd go batty being cooped up in that hole. You go ahead and hibernate. As for yours truly, when you next see me, don't mistake me for a toothpick."



Jerry then slid down the table leg, and before the surprised Tuffy had time to ask him where he was going, he was out the door.

"I wonder what wild idea he's dreamed up?" murmured Tuffy, as he made his way back to the little mouse apartment where the two mice usually stayed.

Jerry hadn't really dreamed up any idea. He just figured that if he left the comfortable house, with its well stocked kitchen, he had a much better chance of losing weight. He ambled along the road as far as the General Store. "Ah ha!" exclaimed Jerry. "I'll go in here and weigh myself on the candy scale. At the same time maybe I can pick up a piece or two of candy . . . I gotta have energy if I'm going to exercise."



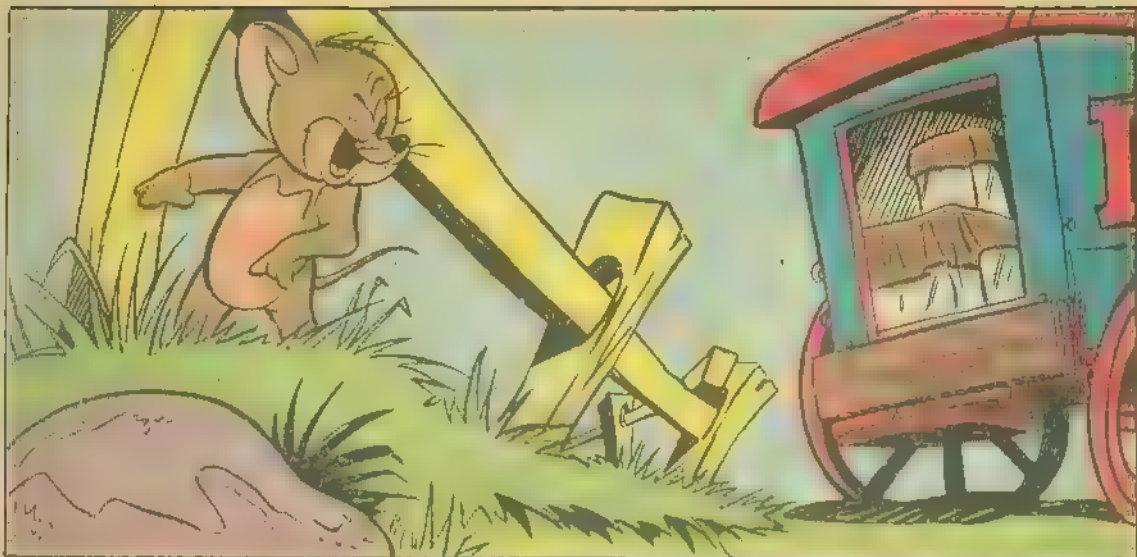
Jerry slipped through the door, and up the dusky aisle between the counters. The smell of peppermint drops and chocolate was getting stronger, so Jerry just followed his nose until it led him into a bin filled with chocolate creams. He was still too stuffed from his morning meal to more than nibble at a candy . . . but he did put a couple of pieces in a paper bag to take with him. Then, Jerry noticed what he had been looking for—a small scale. However, it was being used by the sales girl. "I'll hop on as soon as she finishes," said

Jerry to himself. When the candy was taken off the scale, Jerry gave a mighty leap, and landed plunk, right in the middle of the scale. He landed so hard that the needle on the indicator read two pounds! Two pounds to a little mouse is the same as two hundred pounds to a boy!

Poor Jerry didn't have time to see

what the scale really read, for he had to make way for another bag of candy. He hopped off the candy counter, and ran out of the store . . . carrying his tiny bag of chocolate creams.

It was a fine day, so the mouse decided to go out to the country for his exercise. He started to walk, but soon his little legs began to tire. "Gosh," he sighed, "this exercising is really tough . . . Oh, Oh! Here is a horse and wagon. They must be going to the country. I'll ride out there with them and then do my walking."



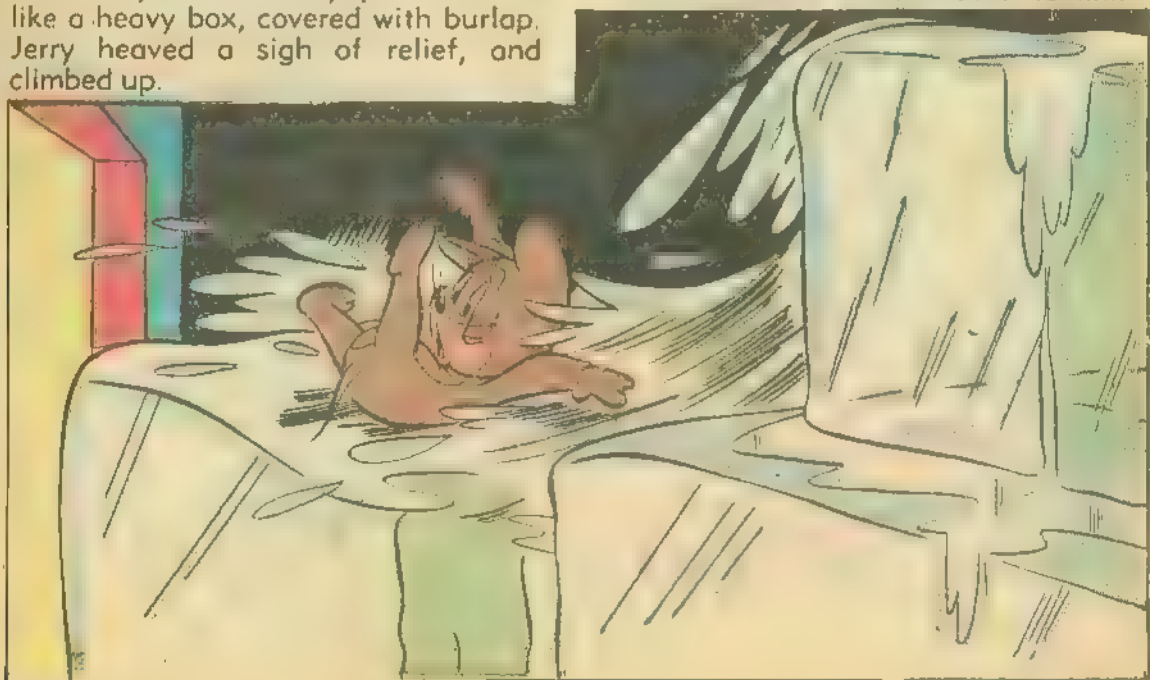
The wagon was parked by the side of the road. Jerry climbed up the back wheel and jumped into the back of the vehicle. He landed in a nice soft pile of burlap sacks . . . and was soon fast asleep. . . .

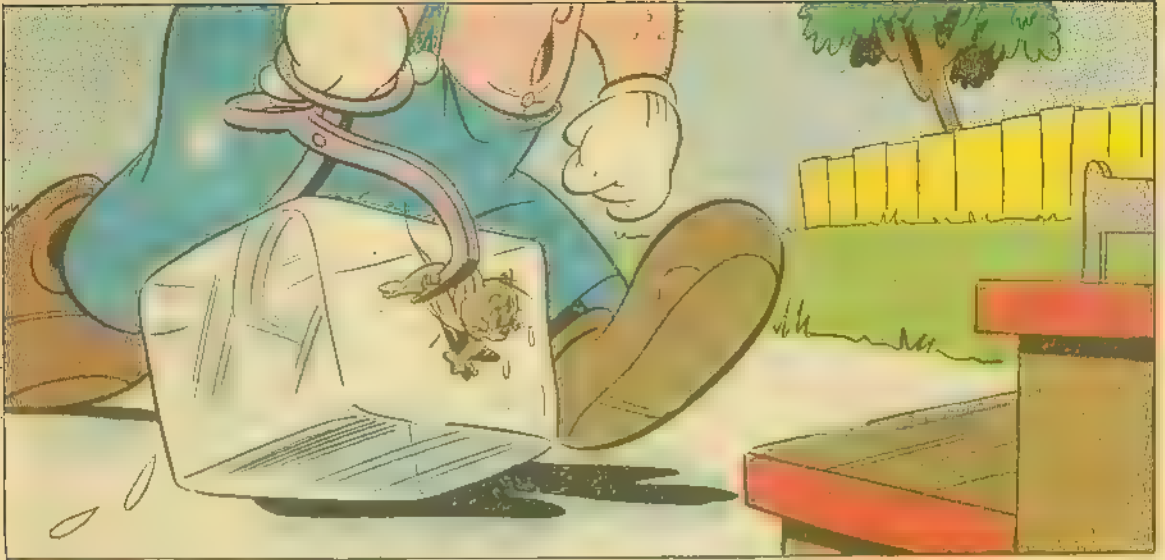
Now, Jerry had hitched a ride in an ice wagon. While he slept, the ice started to melt, and pretty soon the jogging motion of the wagon sent the water running all over, in cold puddles.

The little mouse awakened with a start "Help!" he squeaked. "I'm drowning!" Then he started to swim, and finally reached a dry spot. It looked like a heavy box, covered with burlap. Jerry heaved a sigh of relief, and climbed up.

After a few minutes, he began to shiver. The hot sun was beating down, but the mouse was a mass of little shivers. The shivers started in his tail, and worked all the way up to his teeth. His teeth were chattering. His tail was shaking so hard it was almost invisible.

Suddenly the wagon stopped, and in a moment, Jerry was so terrified that he stopped shivering . . . Over his head poised the most awful implement of torture that he had ever seen!!!! It looked like a huge metal claw, and while he watched petrified . . . it descended nearer . . . and nearer to him.





Of course, it was only the iceman picking up a cake of ice with the ice tongs, but Jerry was sure some horrible monster was after him. The iceman selected the piece of ice that Jerry was huddled on, and carried it into the house.

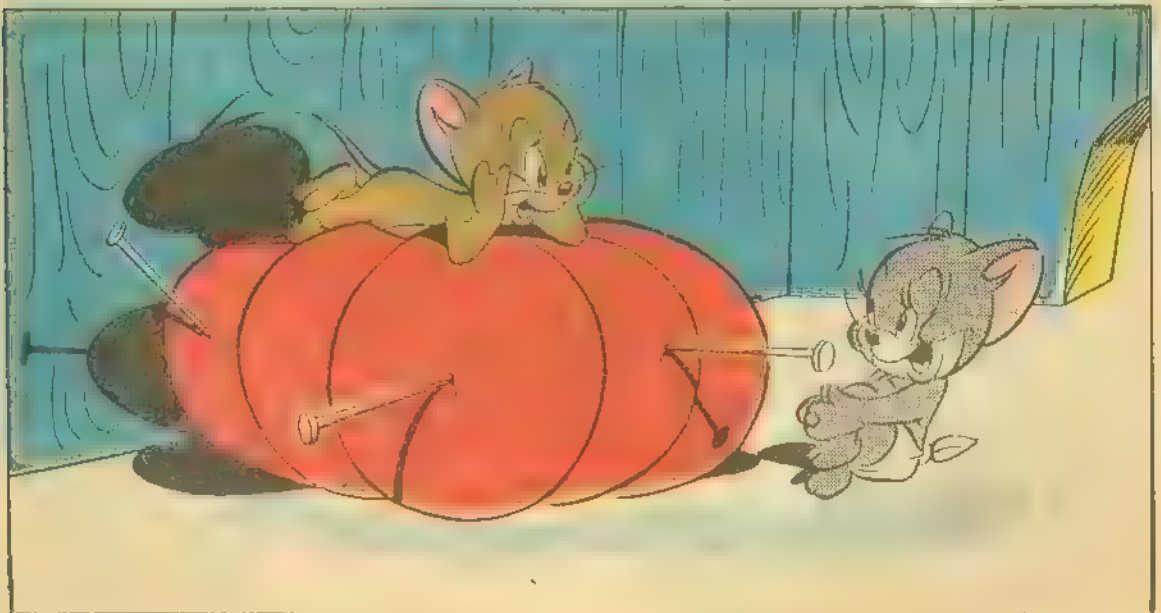
Jerry had his eyes closed, and didn't know what was happening. Then, he heard a familiar voice in his ear. "Hi, Jerry!" squeaked the voice. "You look terrible. You sure are safe now. No self respecting cat would look twice at you. You'd better get off that cake of ice before someone puts it in the icebox, or you'll end up a mousse instead of a mouse." The voice belonged to Tuffy,

so Jerry knew he was safe.

Tuffy helped Jerry off the ice, and back to the mouse hole. After Jerry had a good nap, and had dried his damp fur, the two mice sat and talked.

Tuffy told Jerry that while he was trying to hibernate, someone swept dust through the entrance to his mouse room. "If I hadn't sneezed and awakened myself, I probably would have smothered to death."

Then Jerry told his friend all the things that had happened to him. The two little fellows listened to each other carefully. Then, Jerry laughed, "Come on Tuffy, let's get some food. Trying to lose weight is much too dangerous."



Flip 'n' Dip

Copyright 1948 By
Western Printing & Litho Co.

MOM AND I ARE GOING
TO VISIT BIG BEN AND
HIS WIFE.

BE GOOD CHILDREN
AND MIND THE HOUSE
WHILE WE ARE
GONE.

OKAY, MOM
AND POP!



IF YOU GET HUNGRY,
THERE IS PLENTY OF
FOOD IN THE HOUSE.

DON'T WORRY,
MOM. WE WILL
FIX SOMETHING.

GEE! THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME THEY
EVER LEFT US ALONE
LIKE THIS.

NATURALLY! THEY
REALIZE WE ARE
GROWN UP NOW!



AS LONG AS WE HAVE
THE WHOLE PLACE TO
OURSELVES, LET'S PLAY
HOUSE?

HOUSE?
WHY THAT'S A
SISSY GAME!

NOT IF WE PLAY
IT RIGHT, IT ISN'T.
I'LL BE MOM AND
YOU CAN BE POP.

HUMPH! WHAT'S
THE FUN IN THAT?
ALL POP DOES IS
SLEEP IN THE
HAMMOCK ALL DAY!



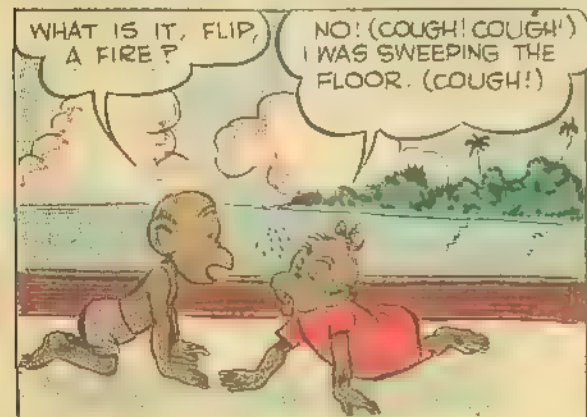
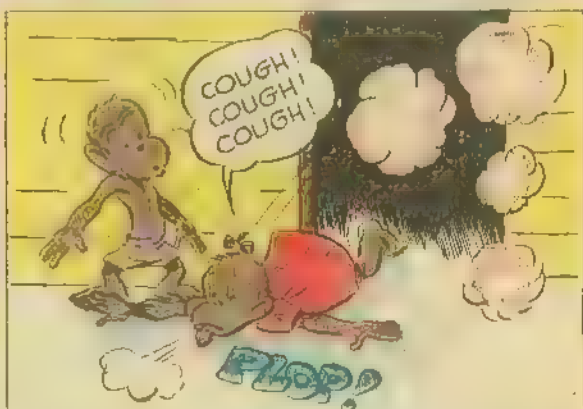
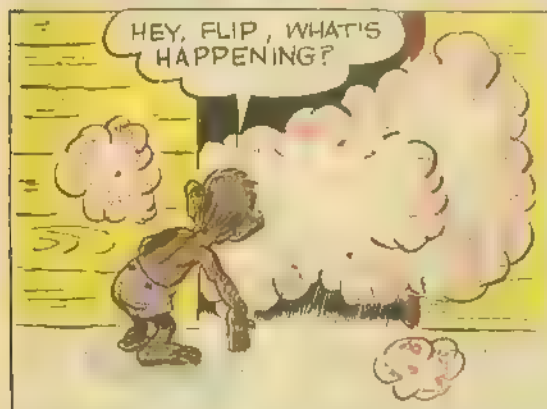
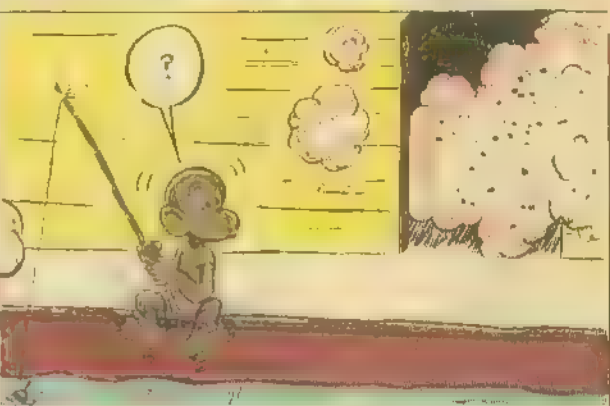
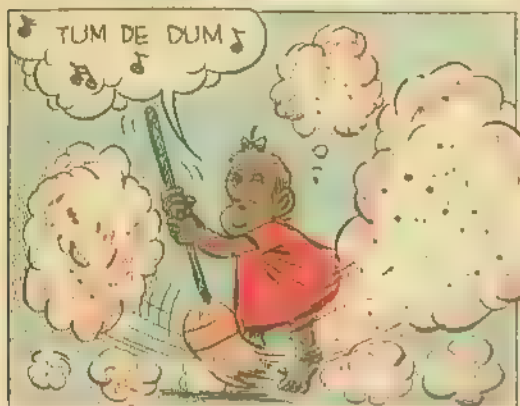
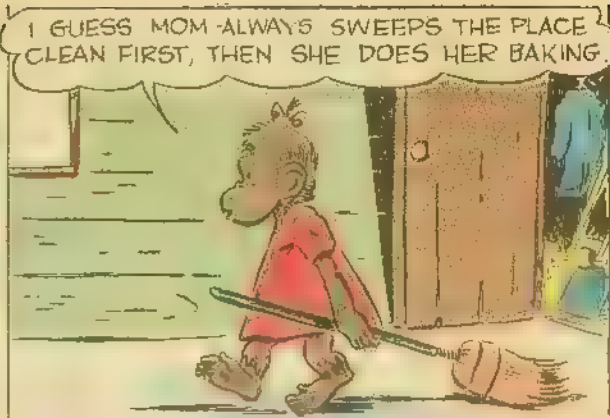
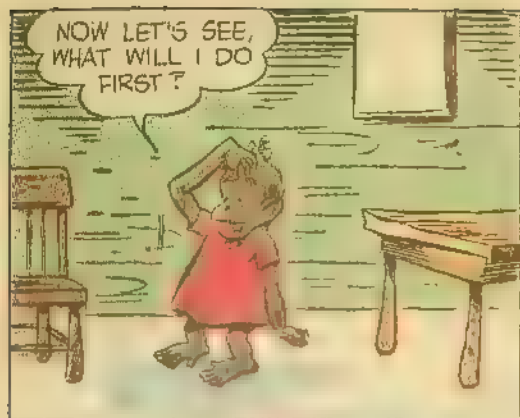
YOU COULD BE A DIFFERENT
KIND OF POP.. WHILE I'M
DOING MY HOUSEWORK,
YOU COULD BE CATCHING
FISH FOR DINNER.

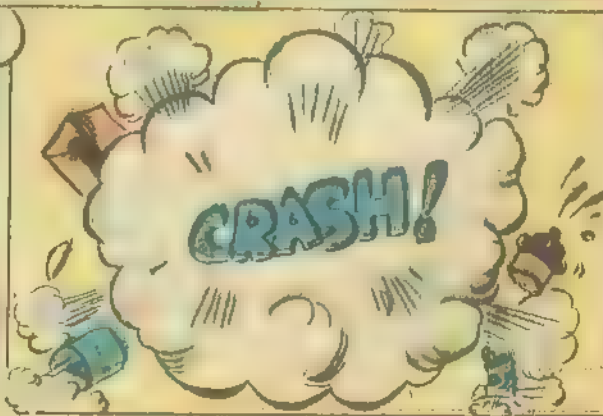
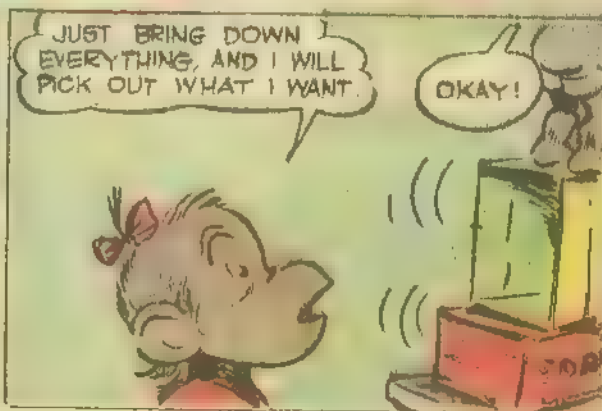
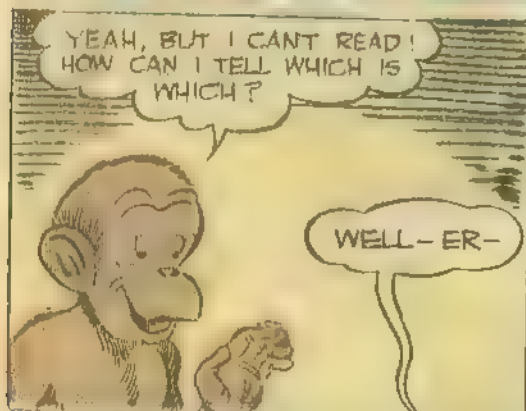
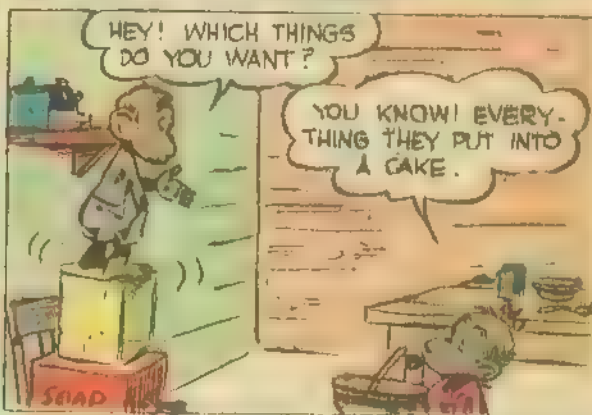
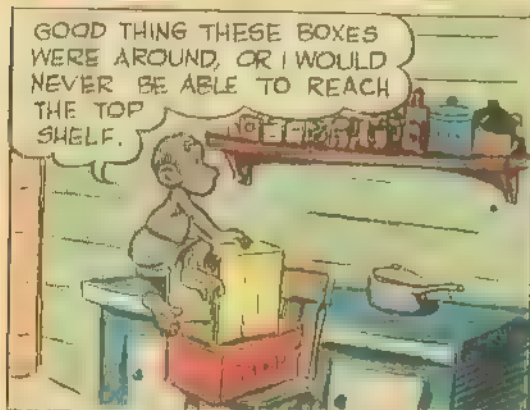
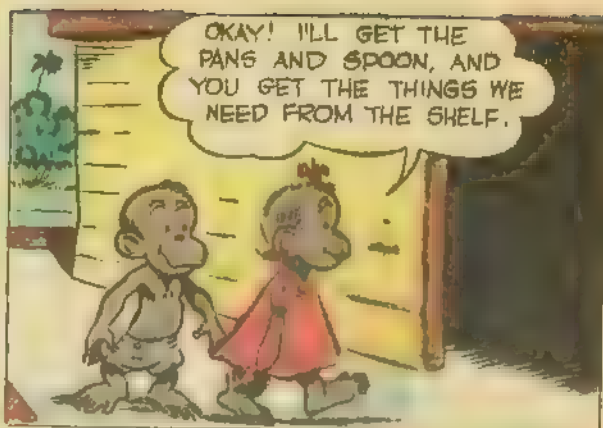
ALL
RIGHT!
I'LL TRY
IT!

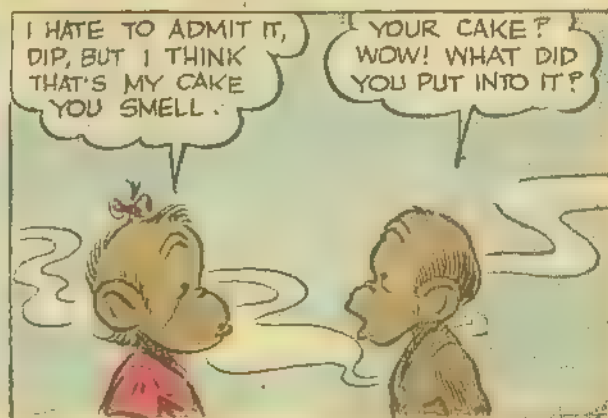
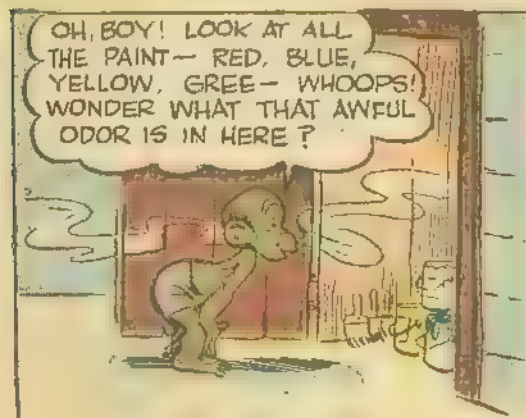
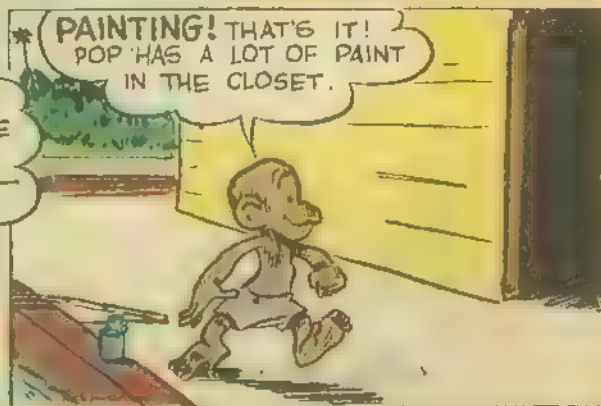
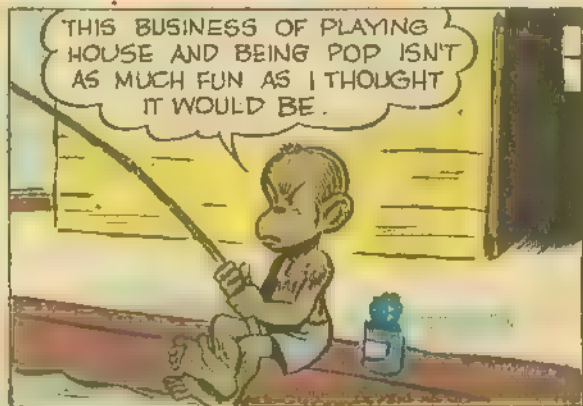
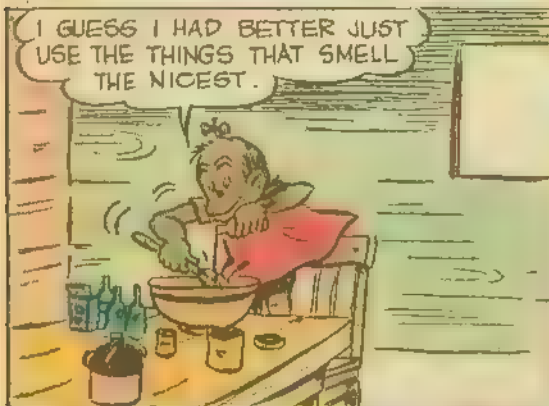
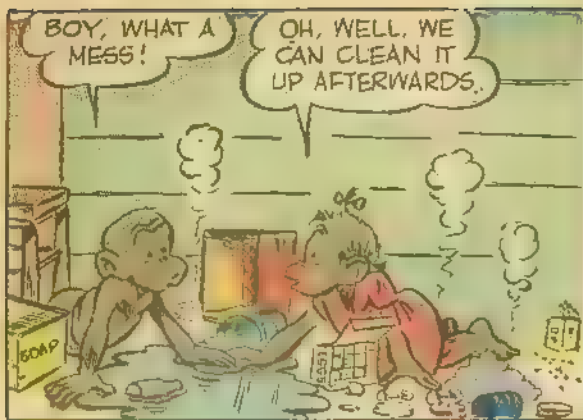
TAKE YOUR FISH POLE
AND RUN ALONG NOW
WHILE I TEND TO
MY HOUSEWORK.

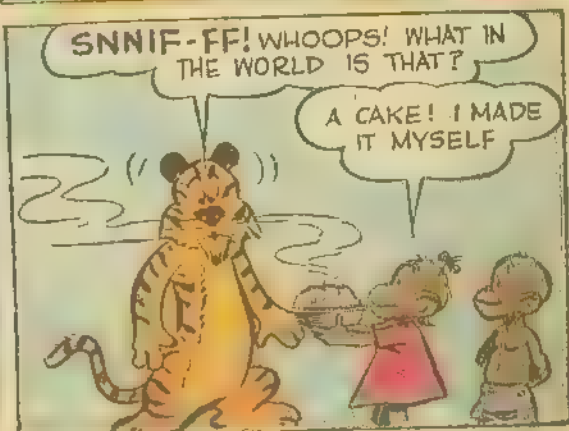
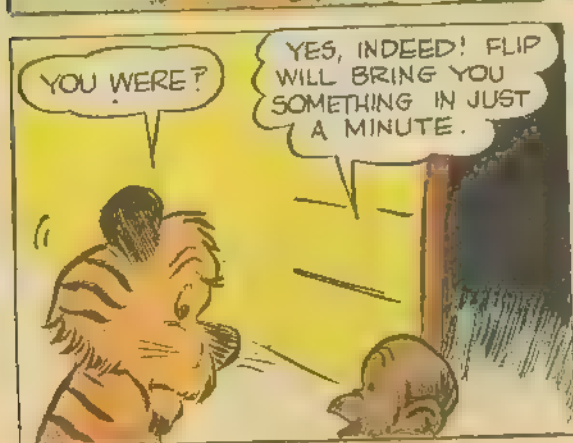
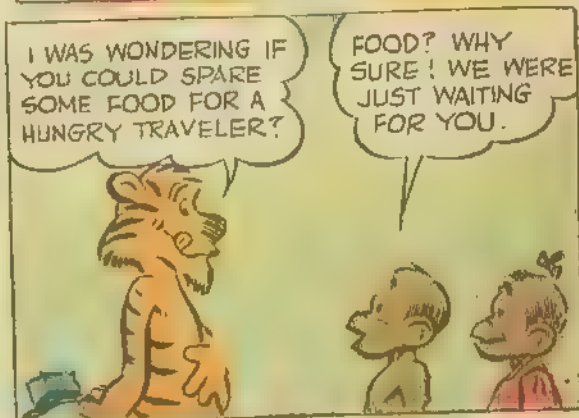
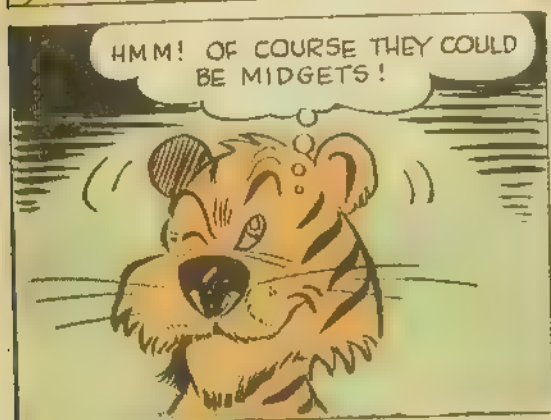
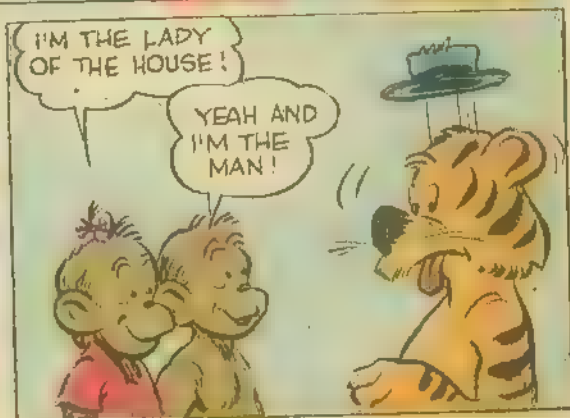
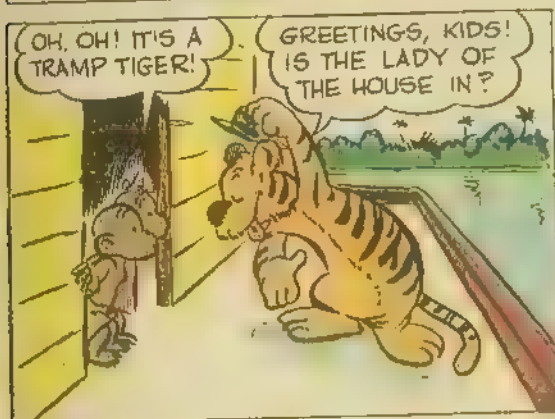
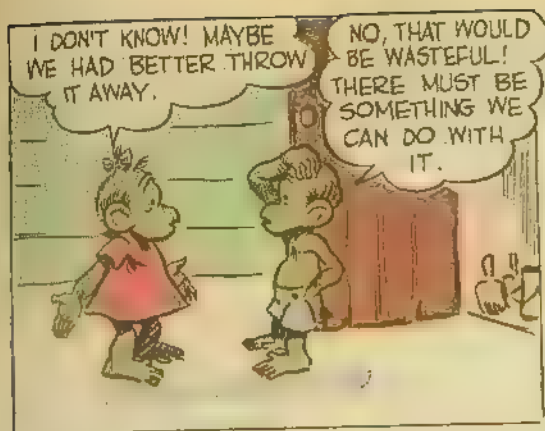
OKAY!

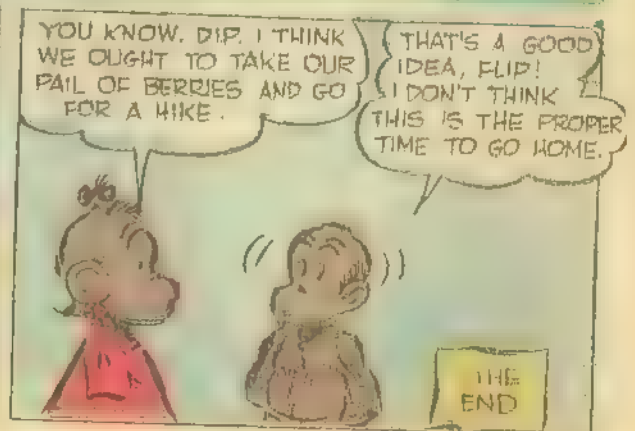
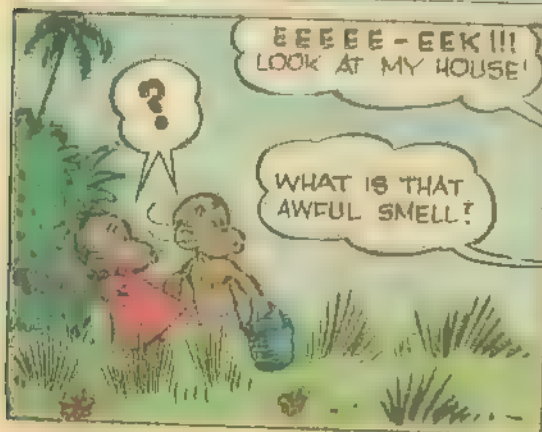
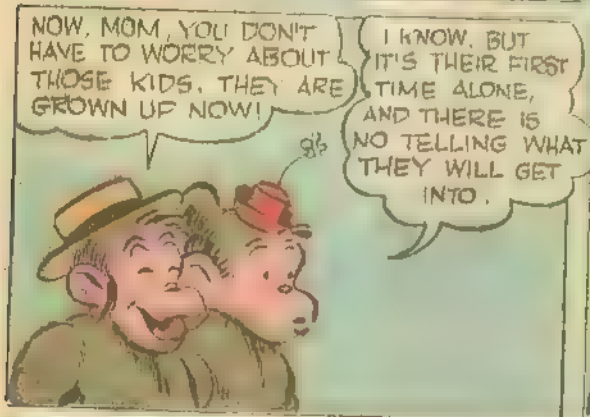
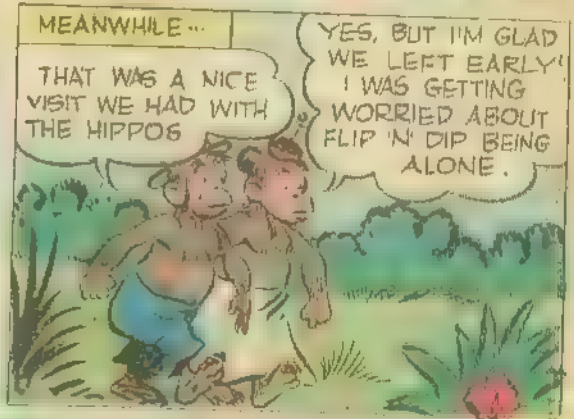
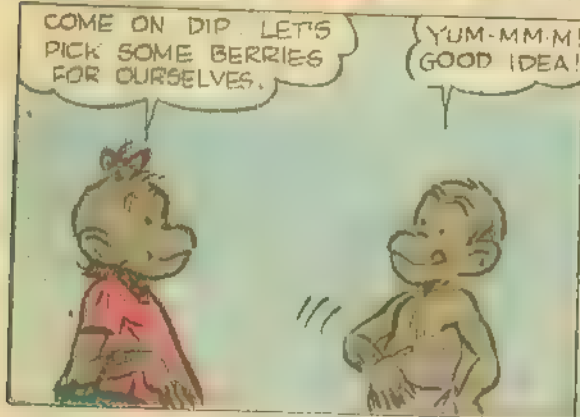
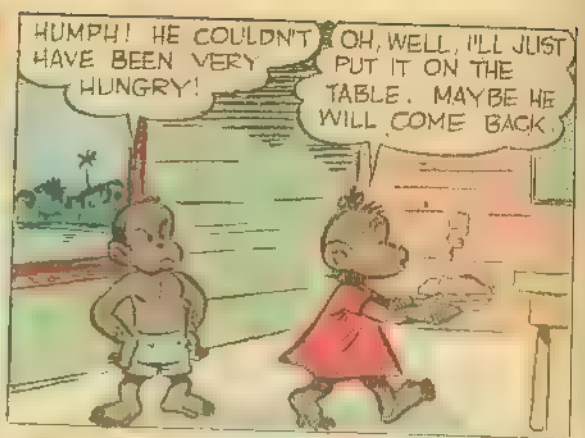


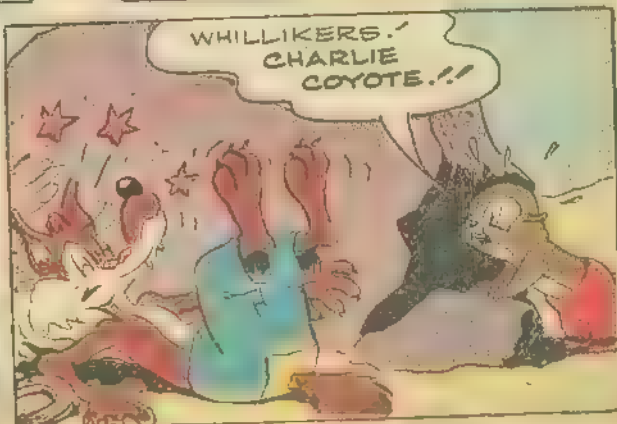
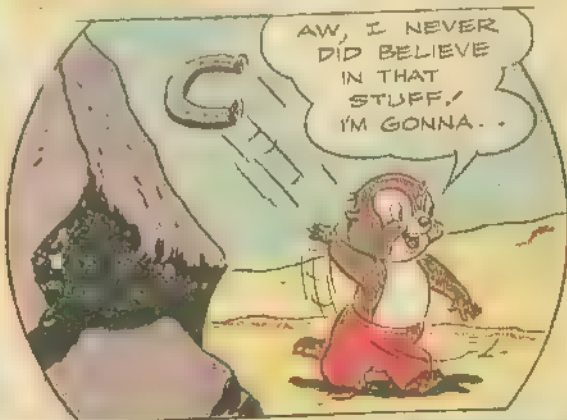
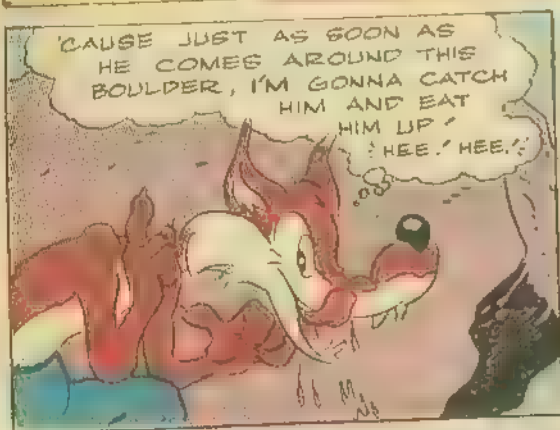
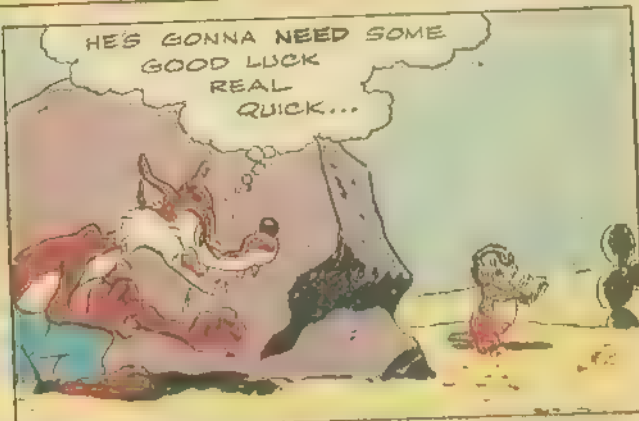
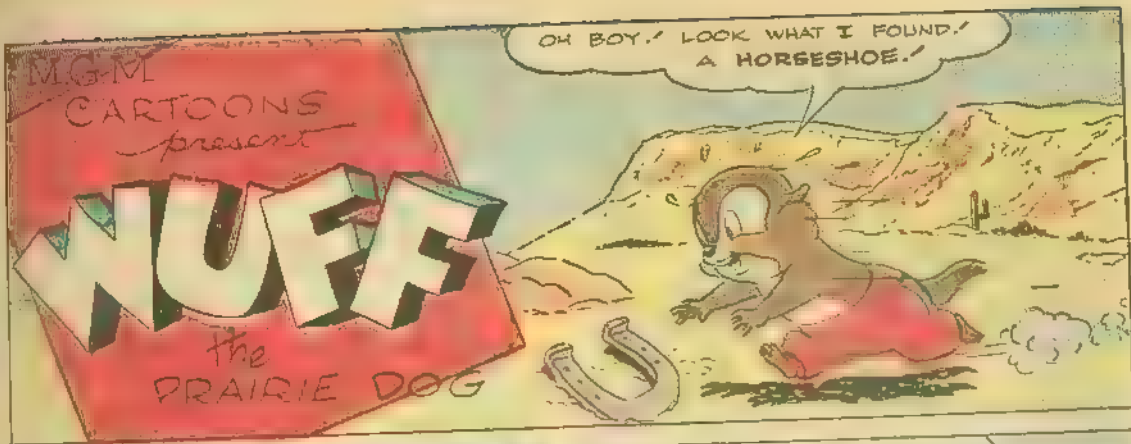


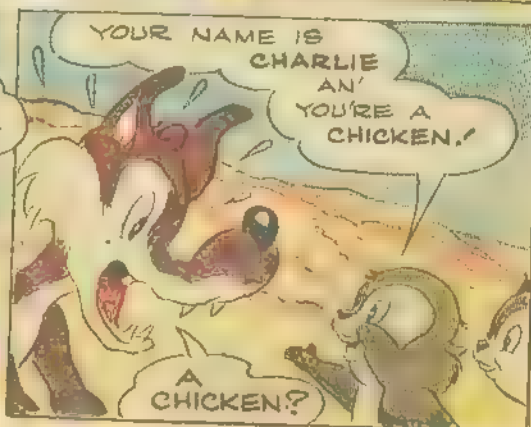
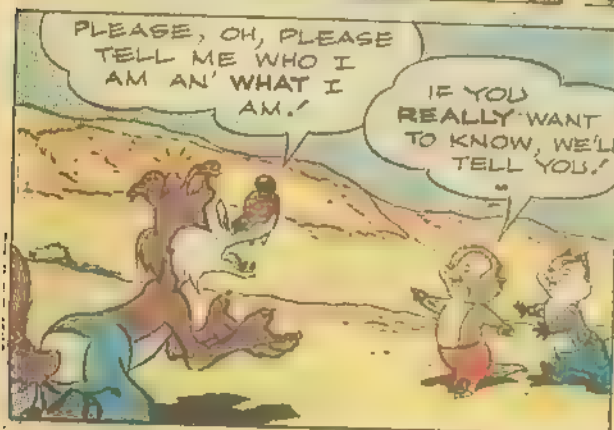
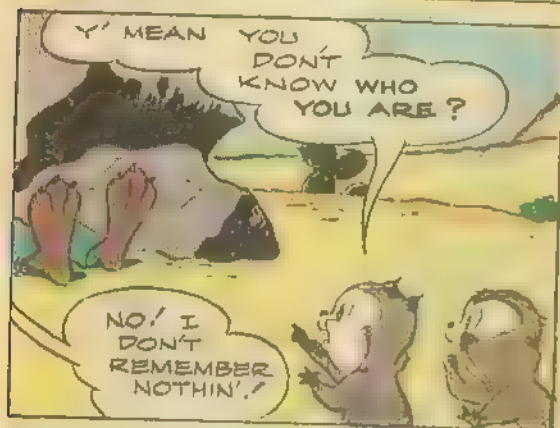
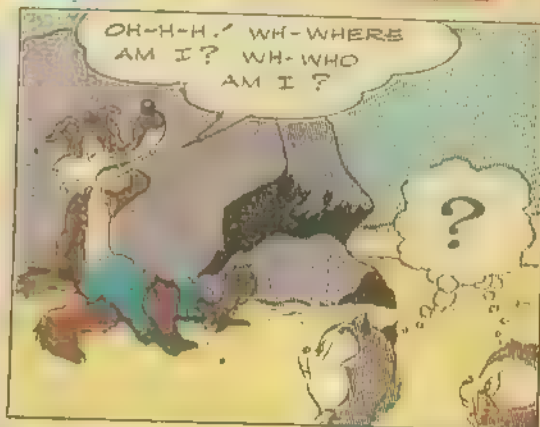
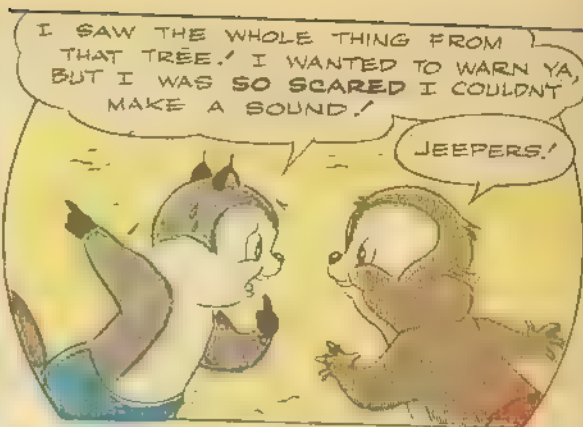


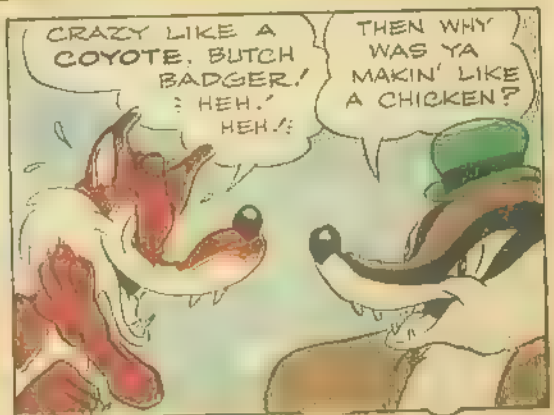
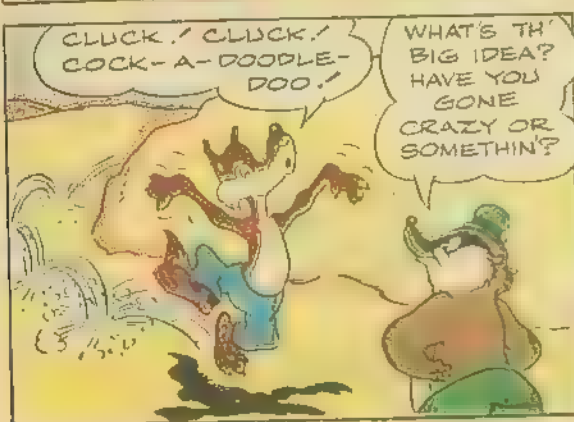
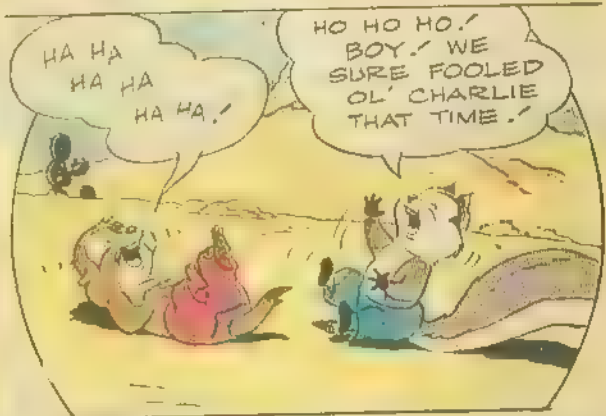
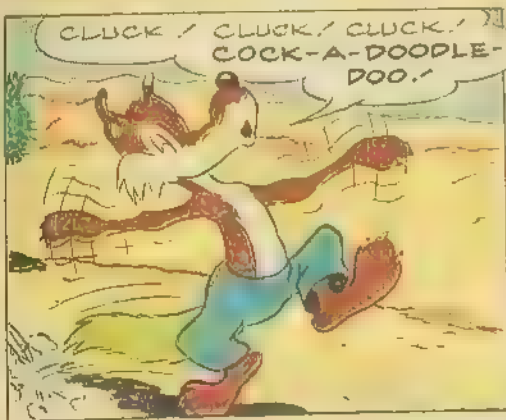
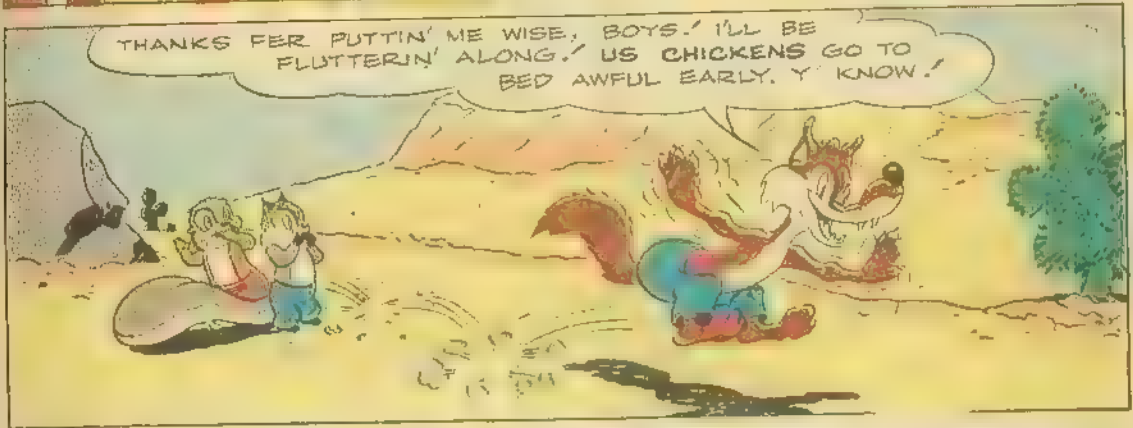
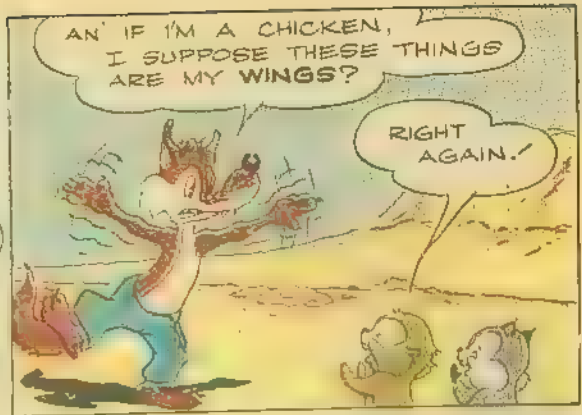
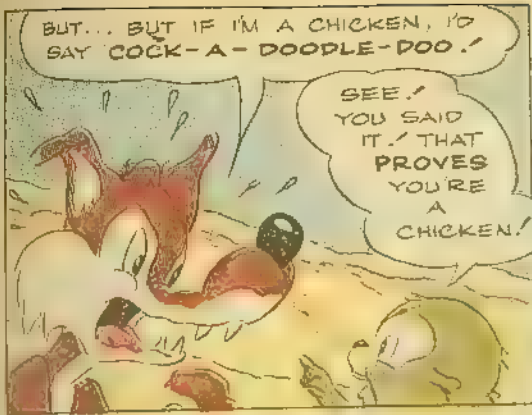


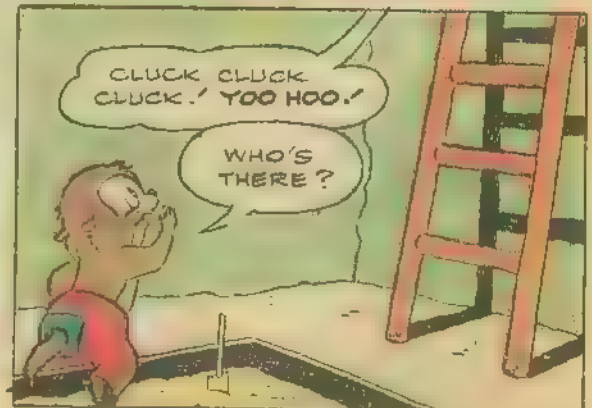
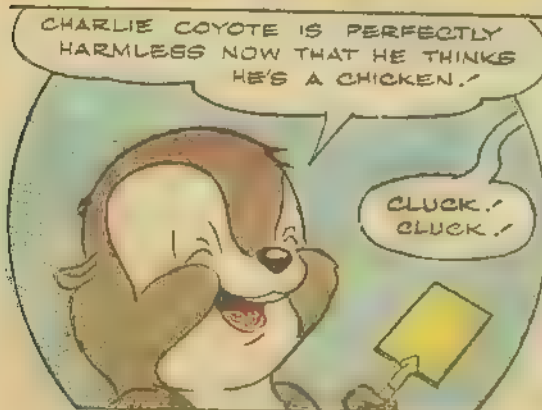
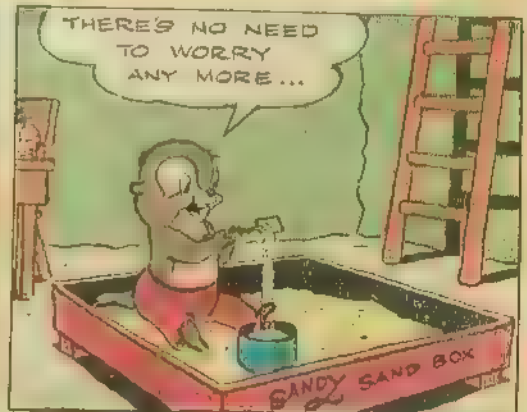
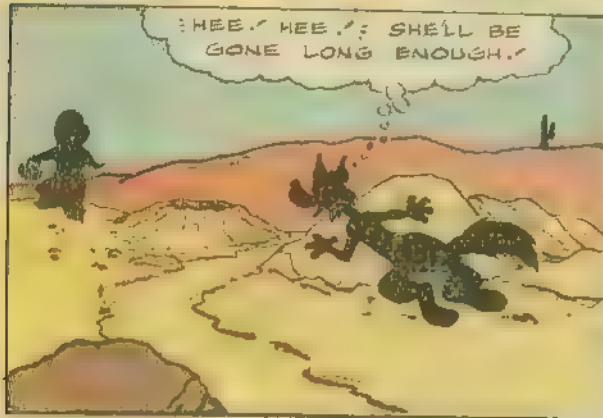
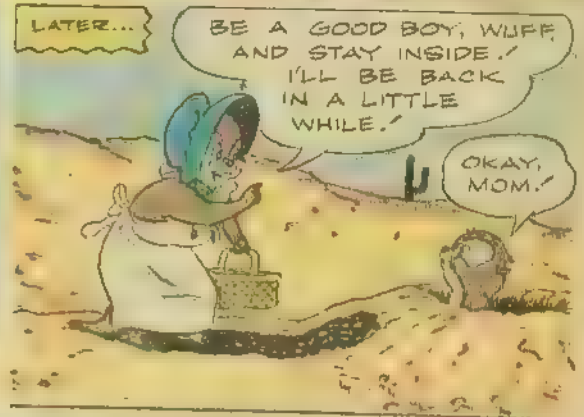
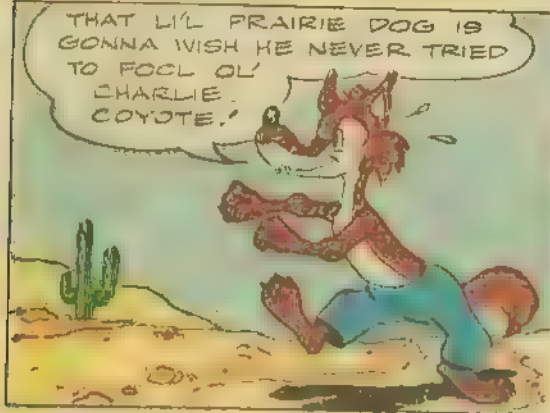
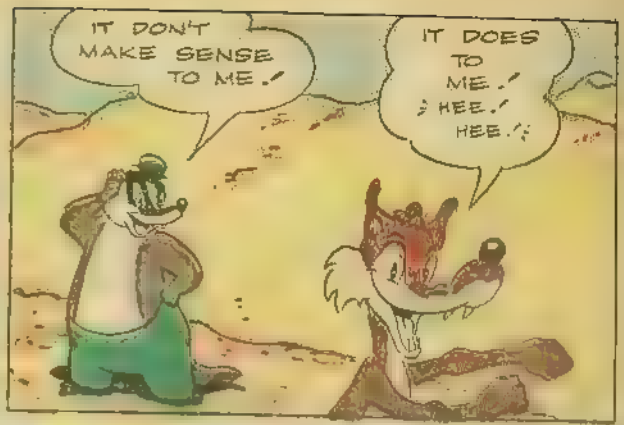
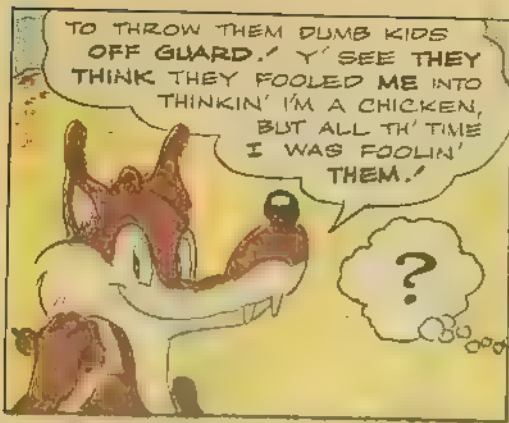


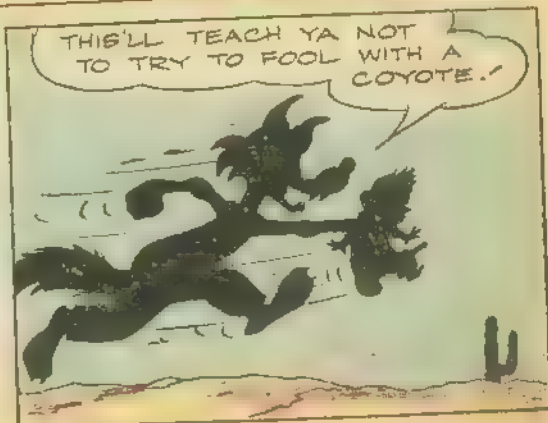
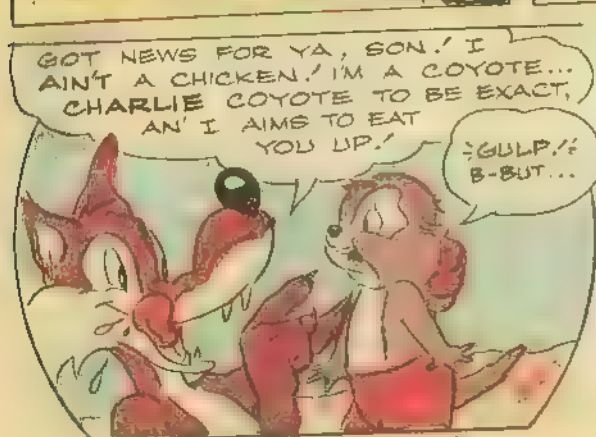
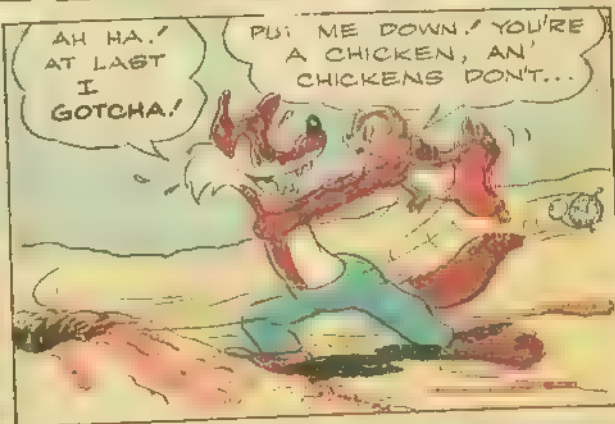
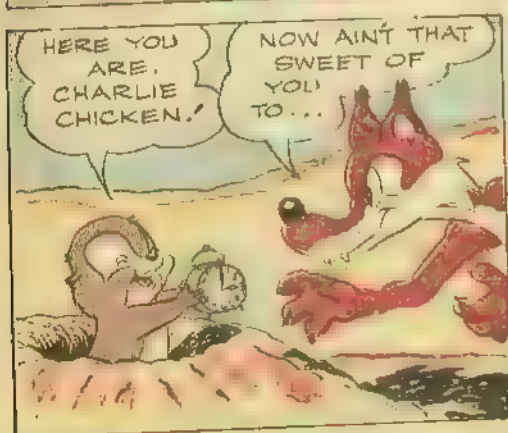
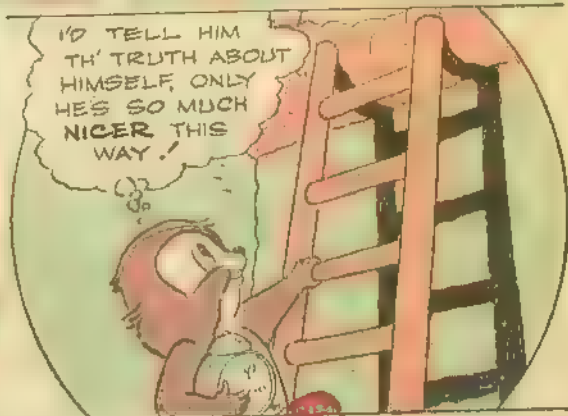
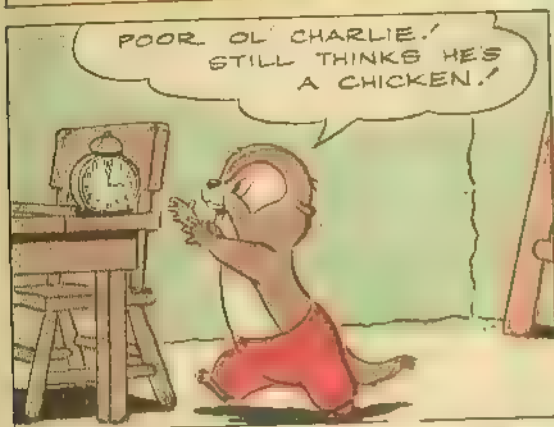
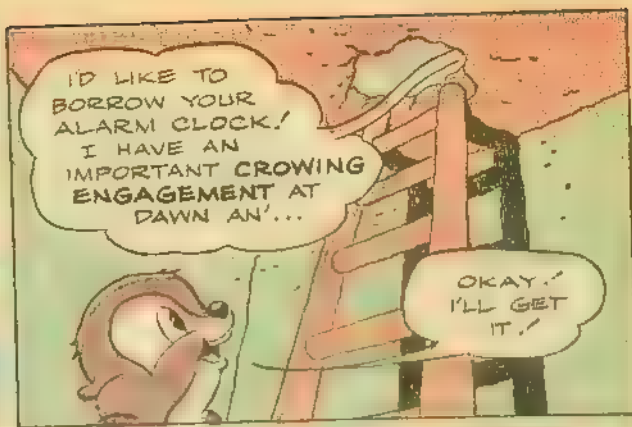
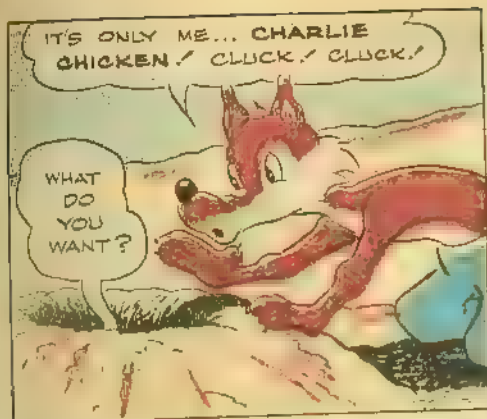


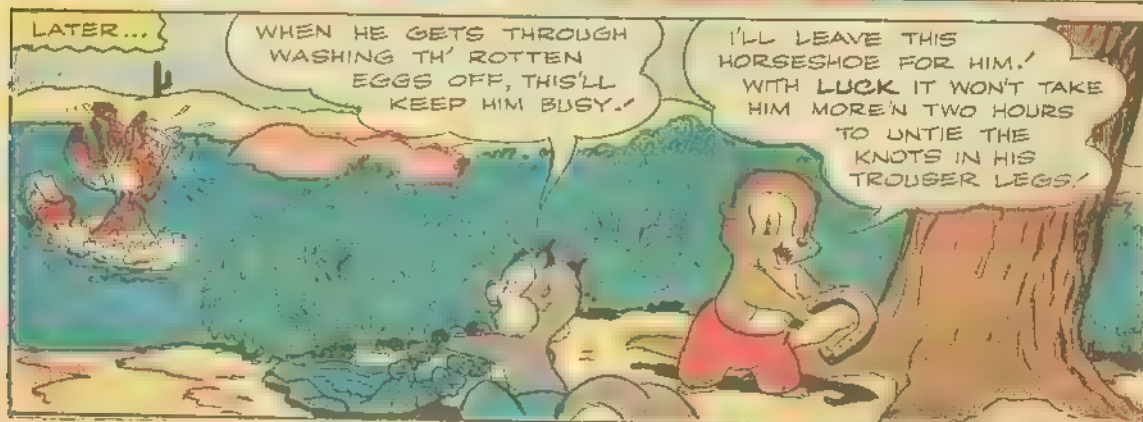
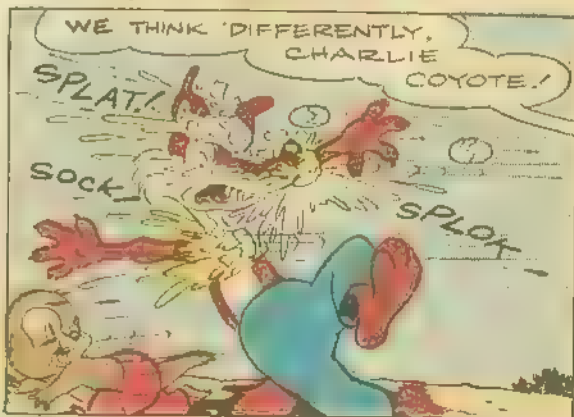
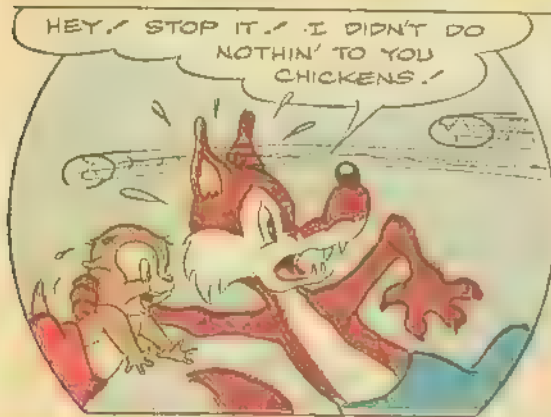
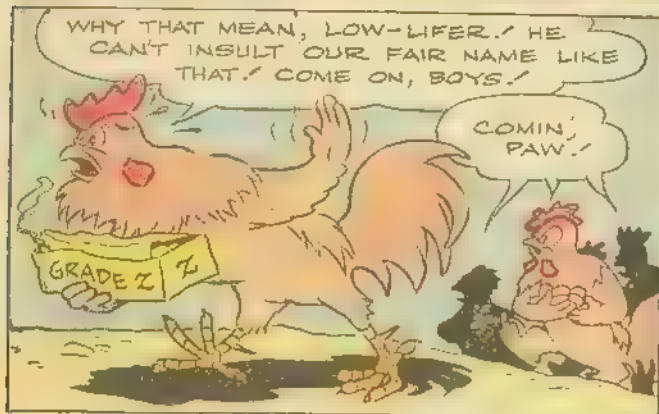
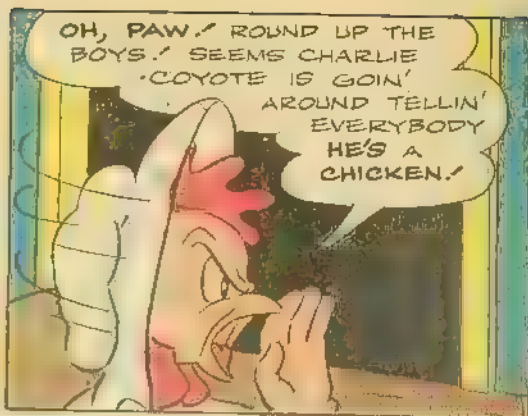
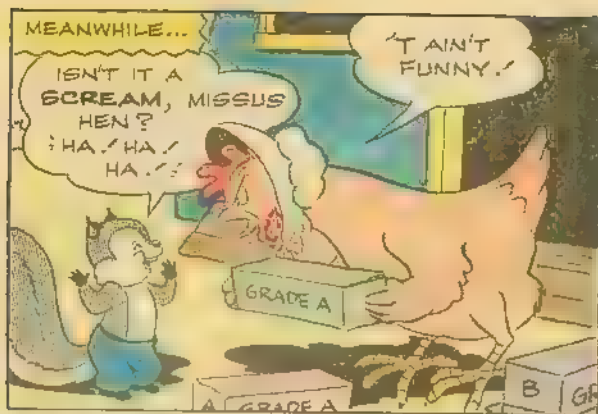












M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

M-G-M CARTOONS *present*

BARNEY BEAR *and* BENNY BURRO

AH-H! LOOKIT THAT!
IT STARTED SNOWIN'
IN TH' NIGHT!

AN' WHAT
PRETTY BIG
SNOW-
FLAKES!

SO HE
LIKES 'EM
BIG, EH?

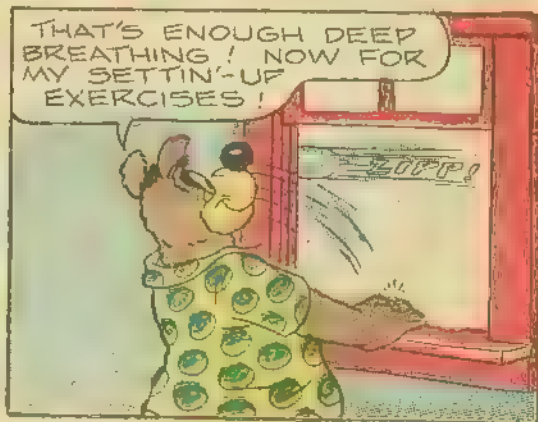
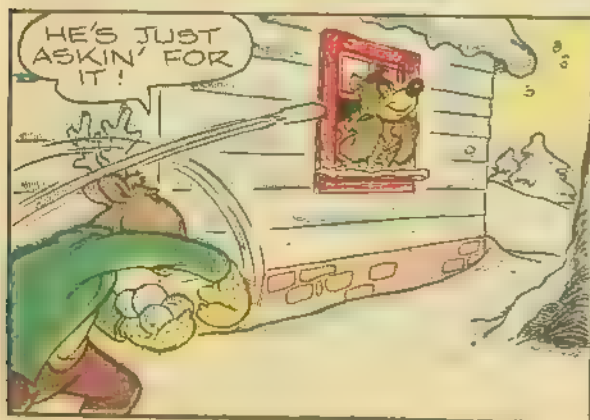
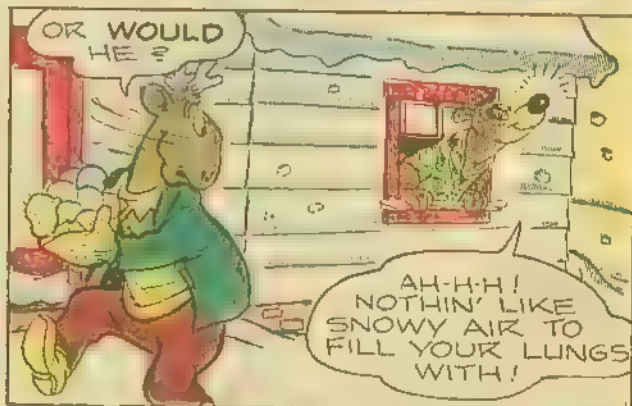
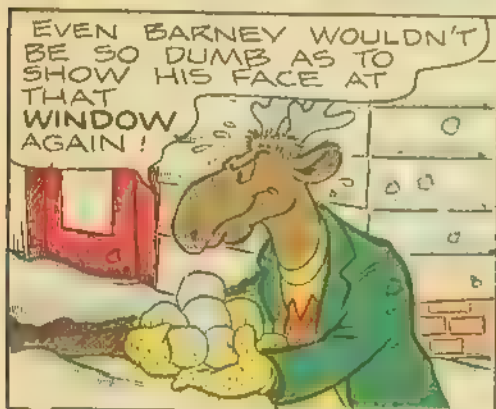
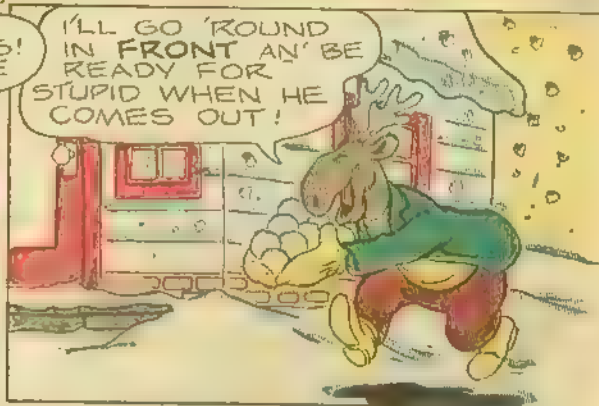
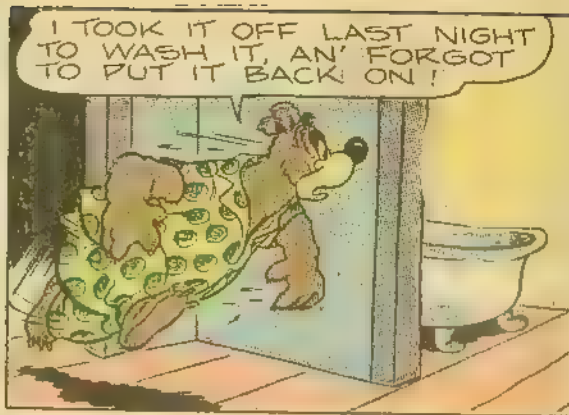
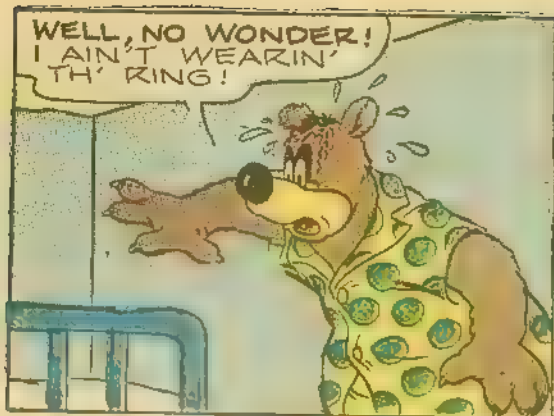
LOOP!

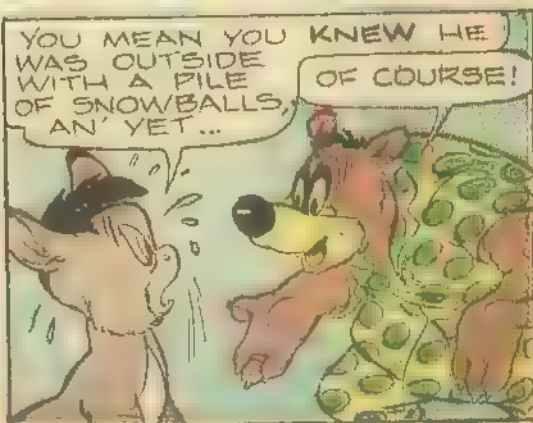
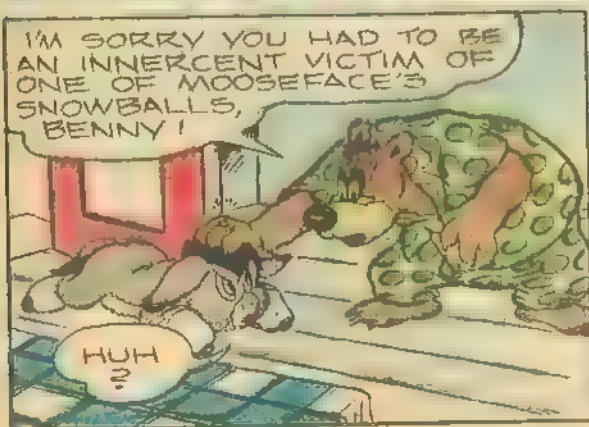
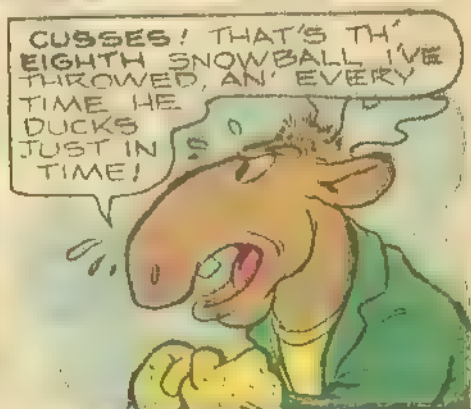
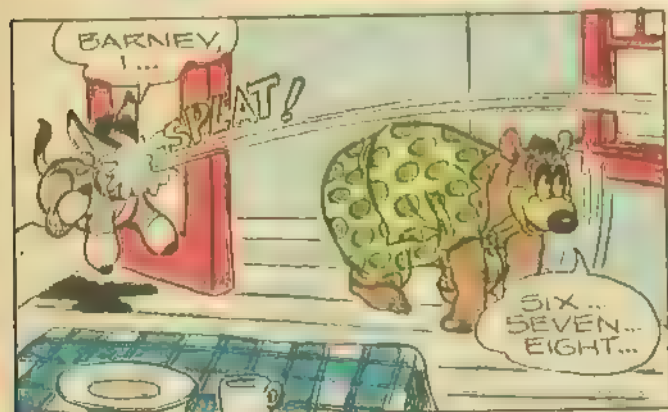
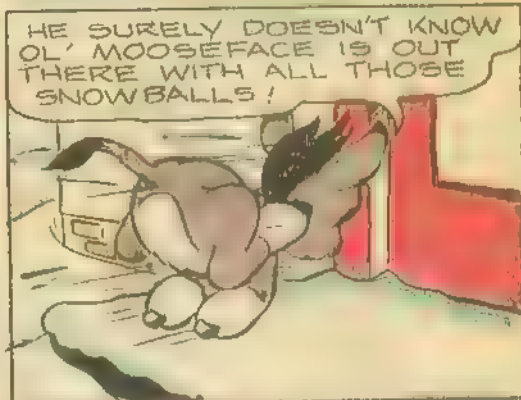
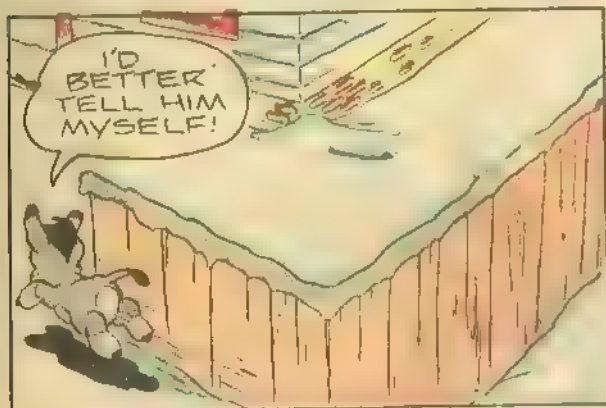
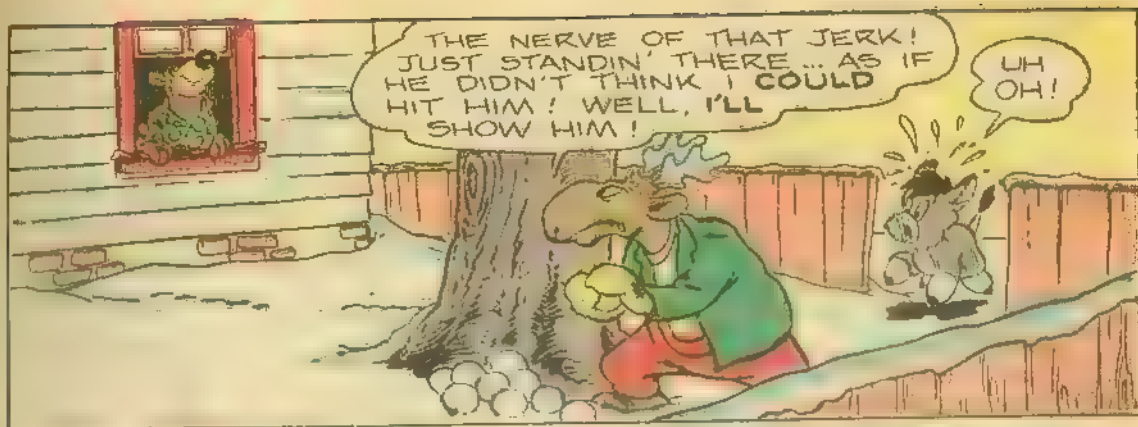
HOW WAS
THAT FOR
SIZE, BARNEY?
YAK! YAK!

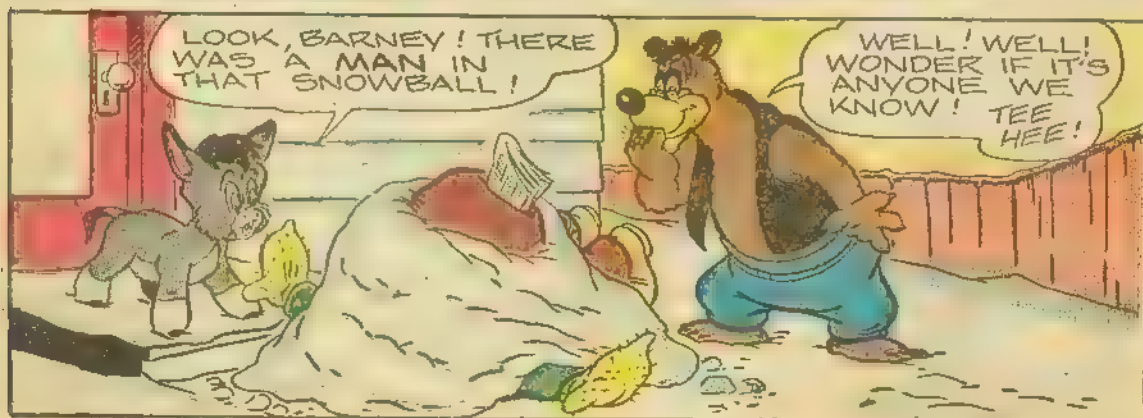
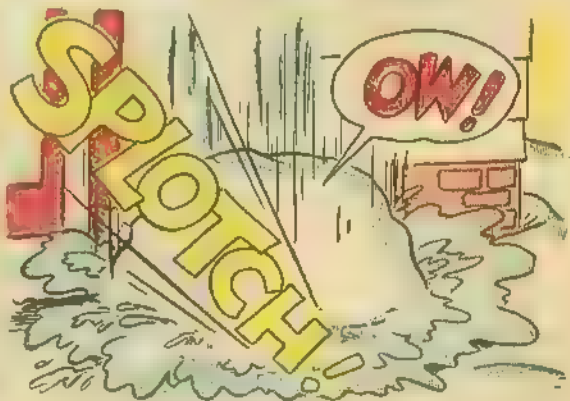
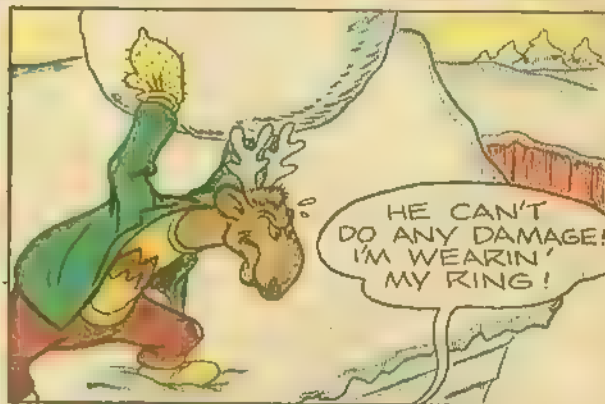
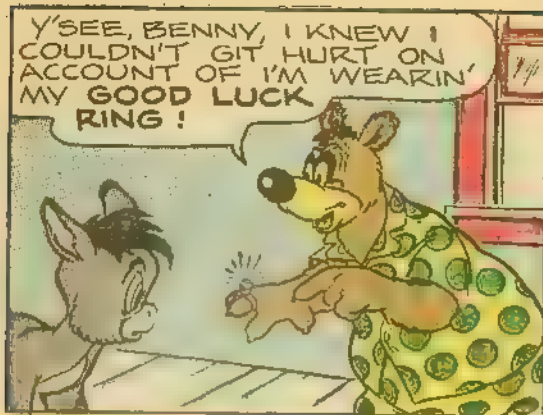
YAK!
YAK!

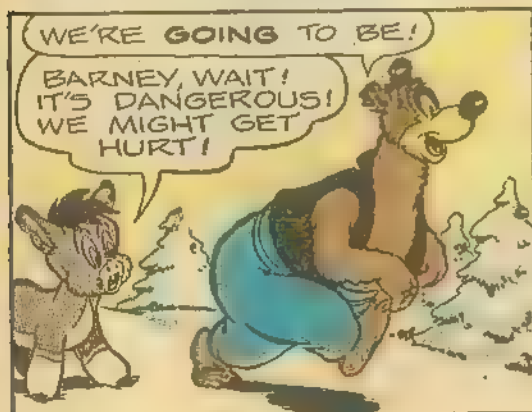
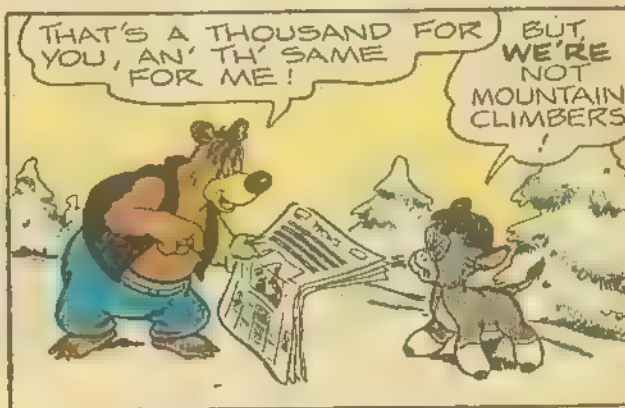
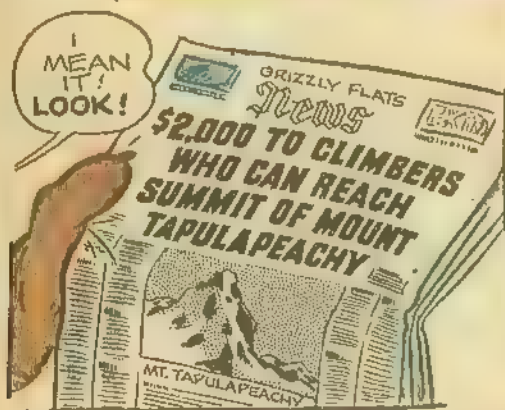
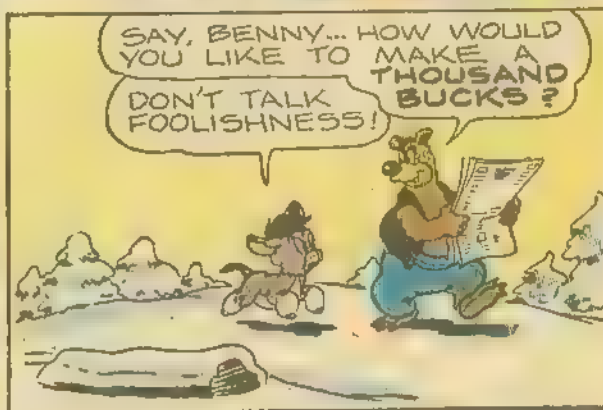
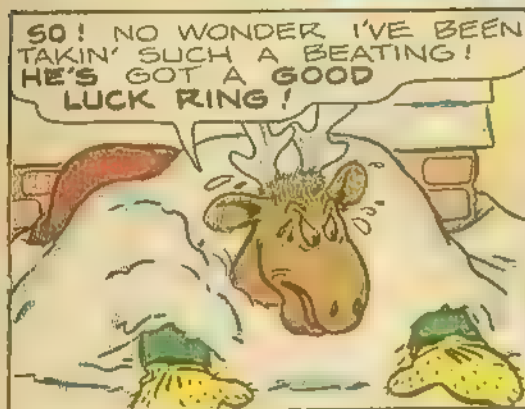
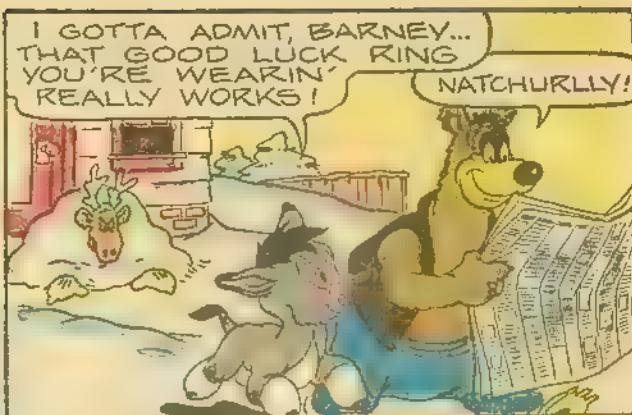
JUST FOR
THAT I GOT A
NOTION TO
SEND MY "GOOD
LUCK RING"
RIGHT BACK!

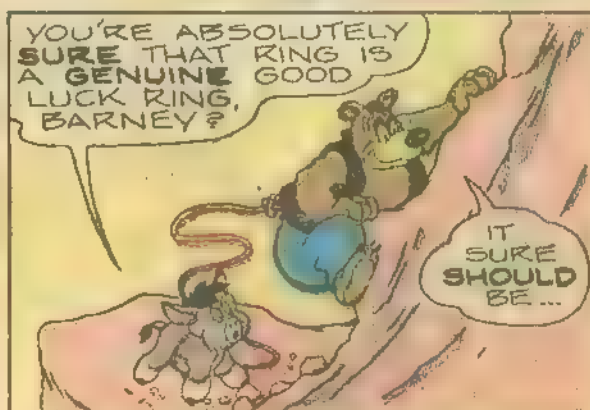
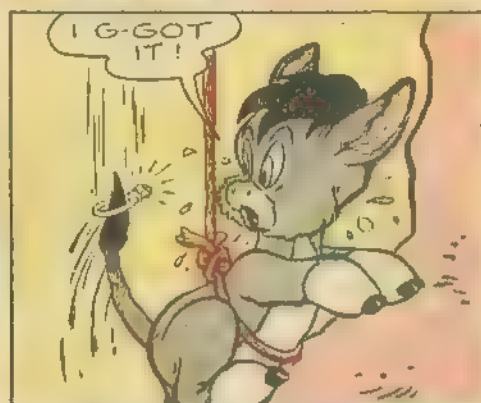
THAT RING COULDN'T BE ANY
GOOD, OR THINGS LIKE THAT
WOULDN'T HAPPEN
TO ME!

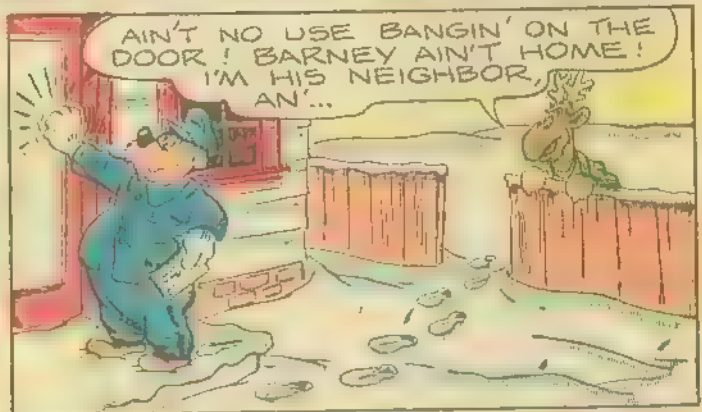
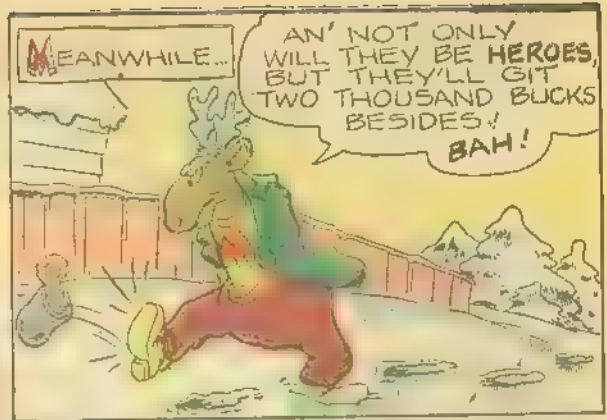
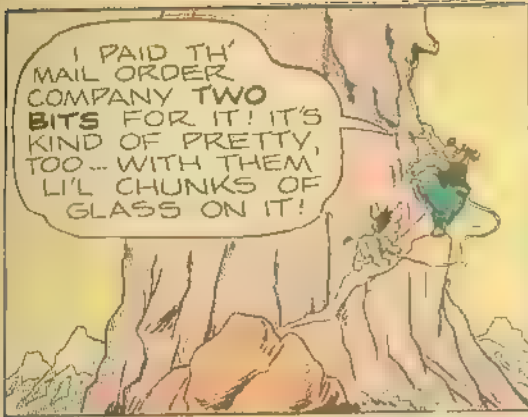


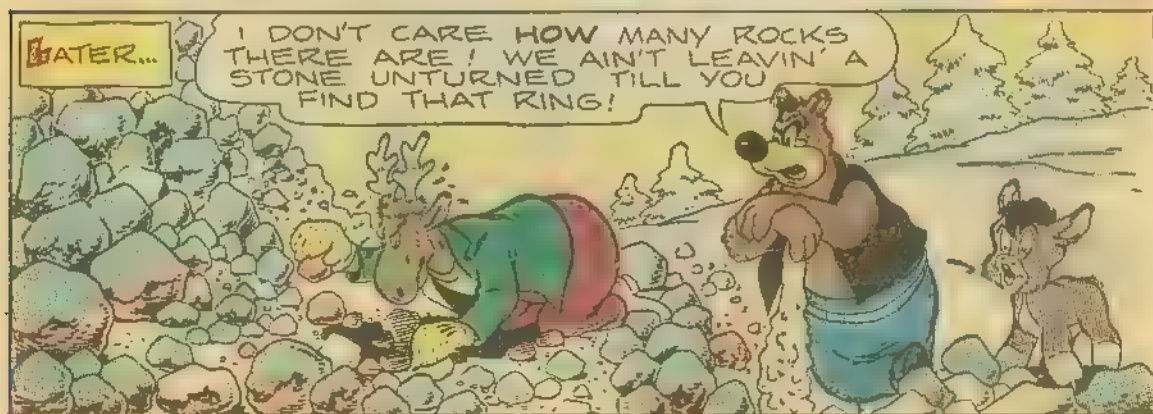
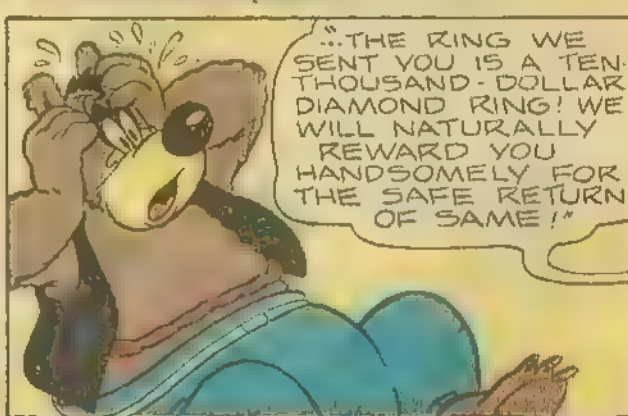
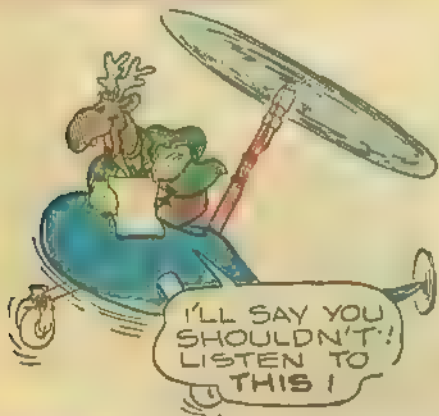
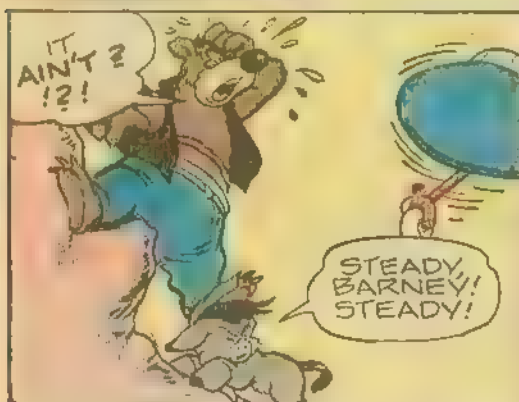
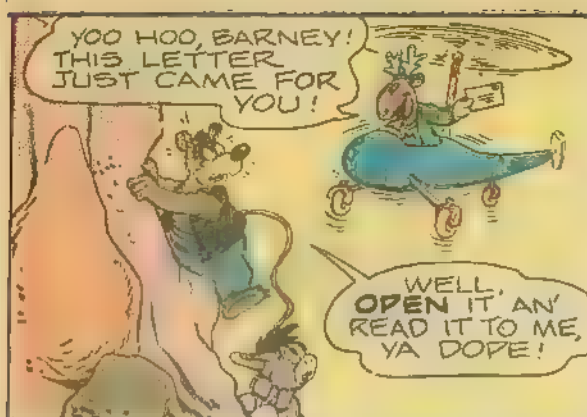










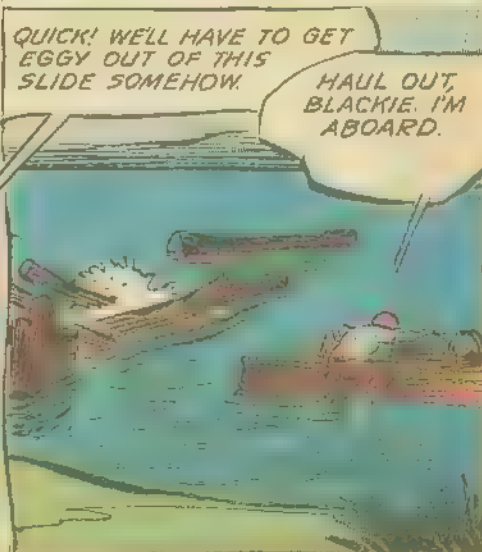
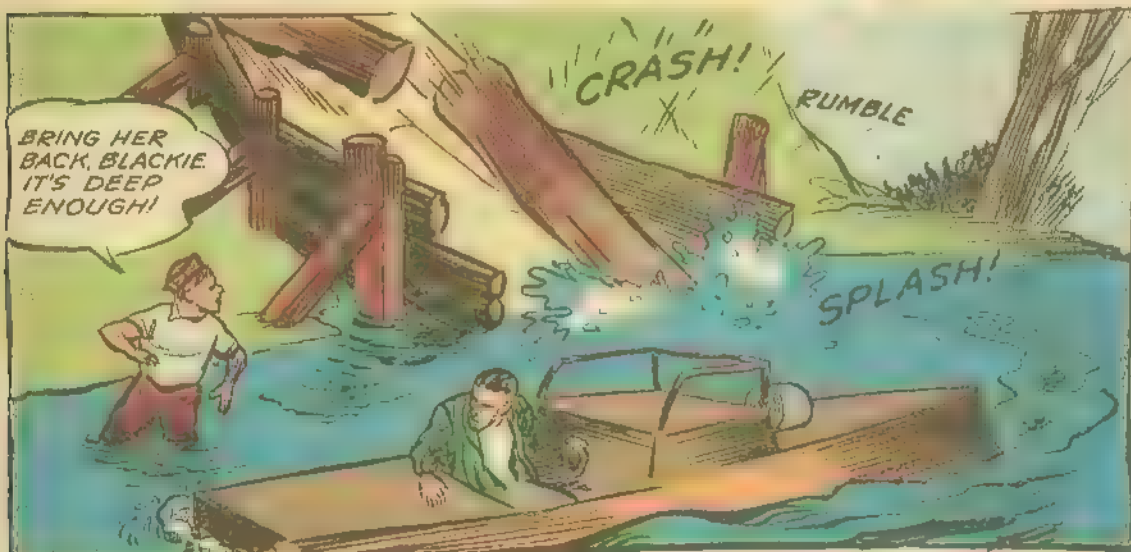


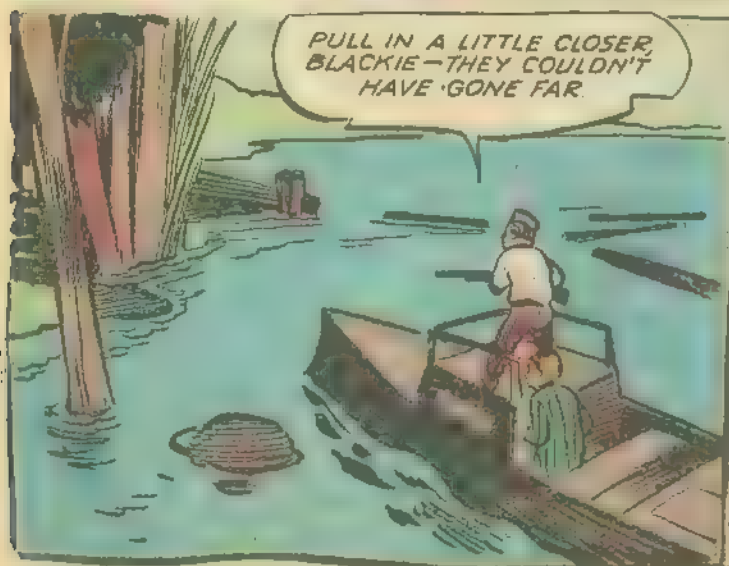
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

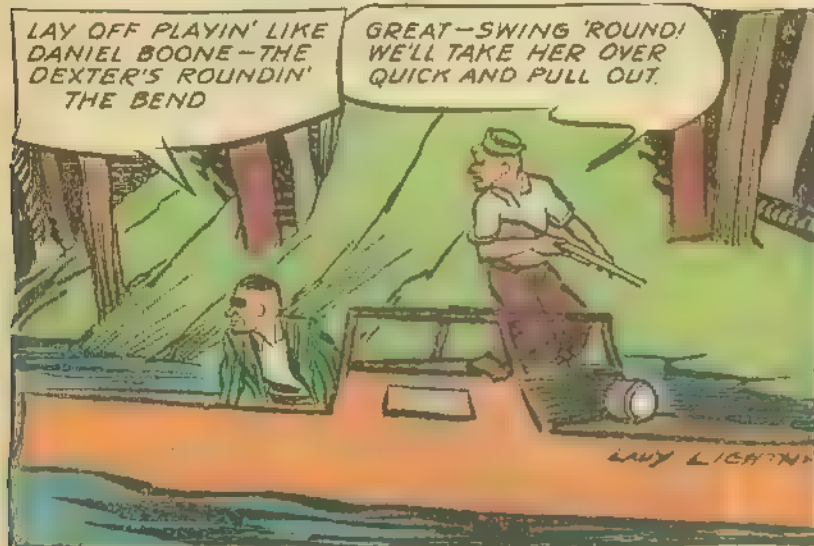
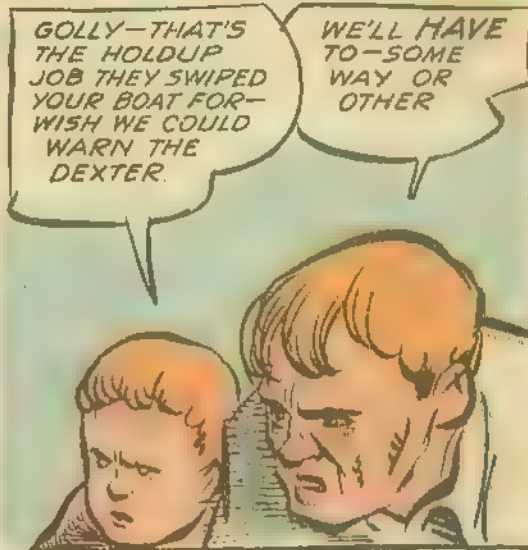
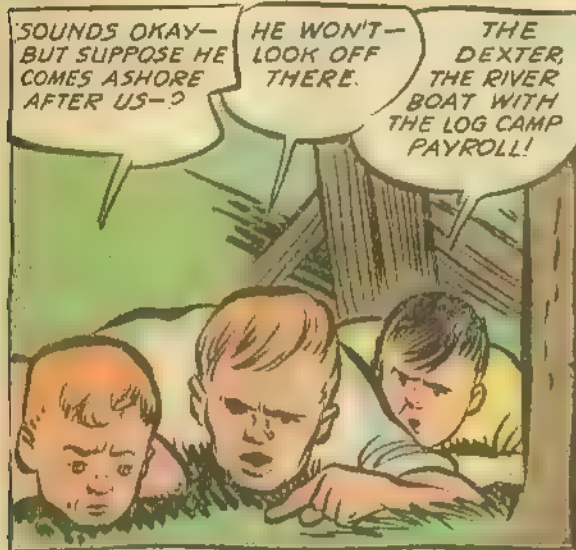
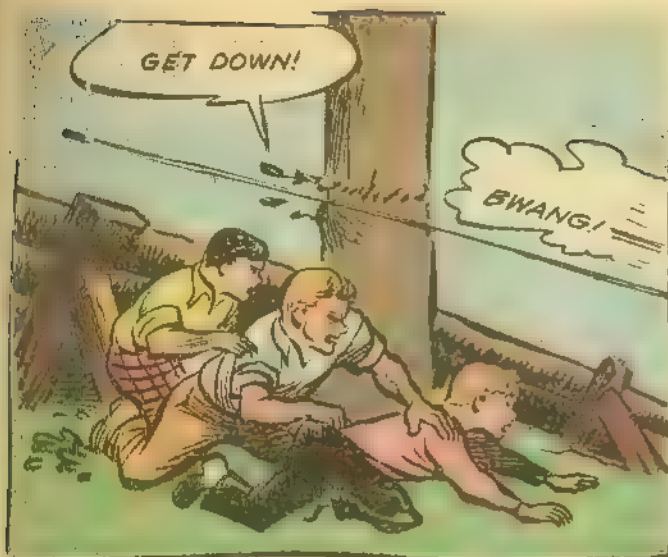
MGM presents

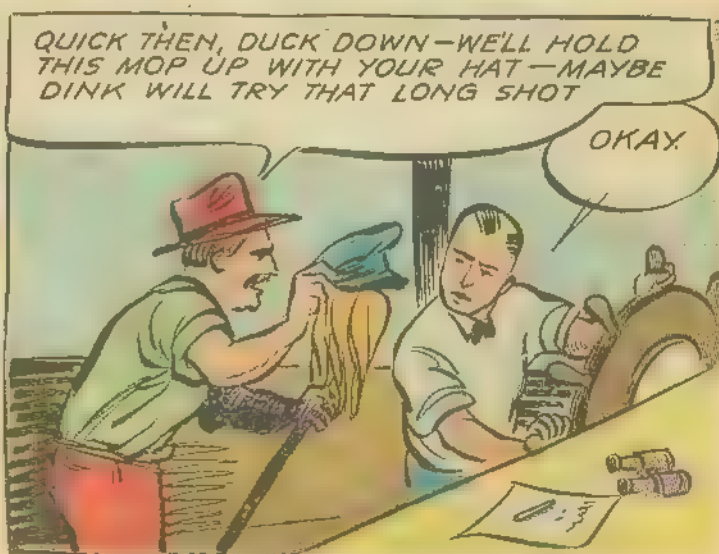
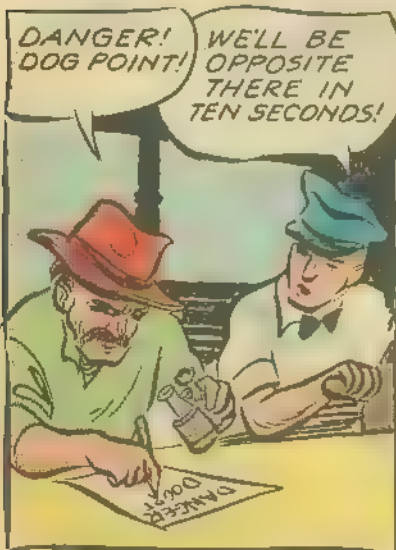
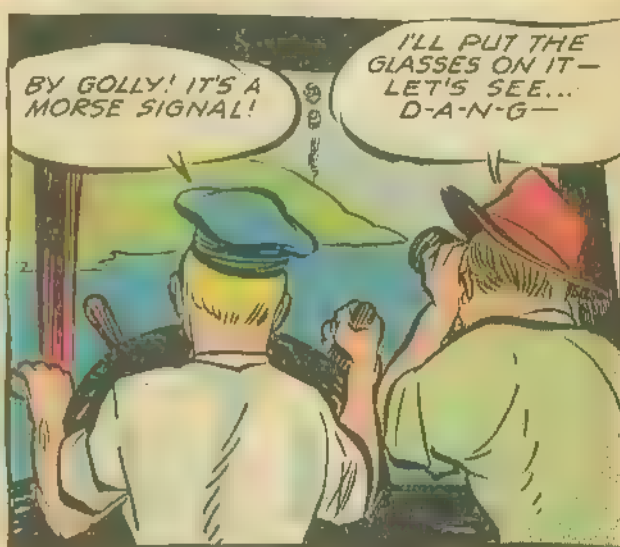
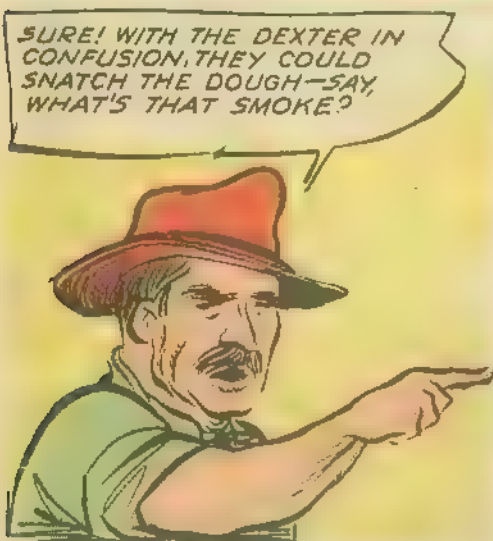
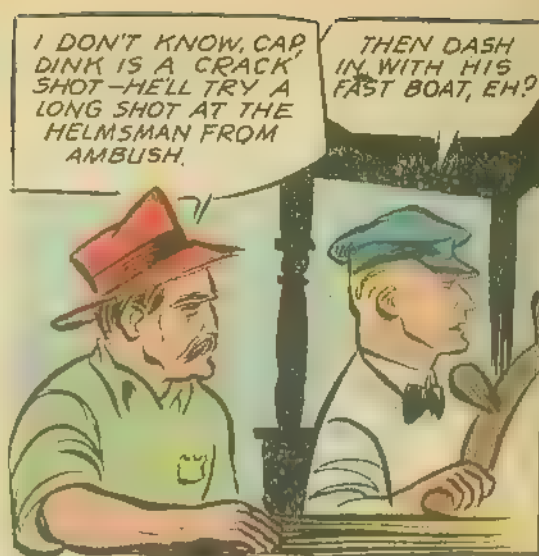
OUR GANG

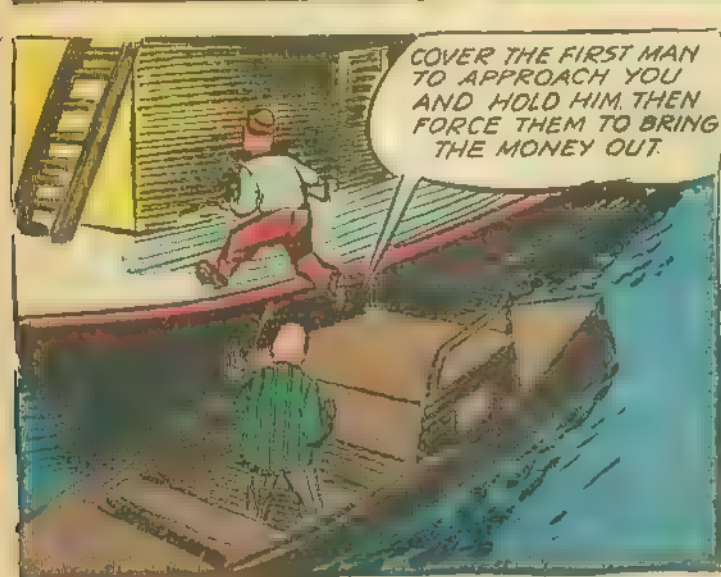
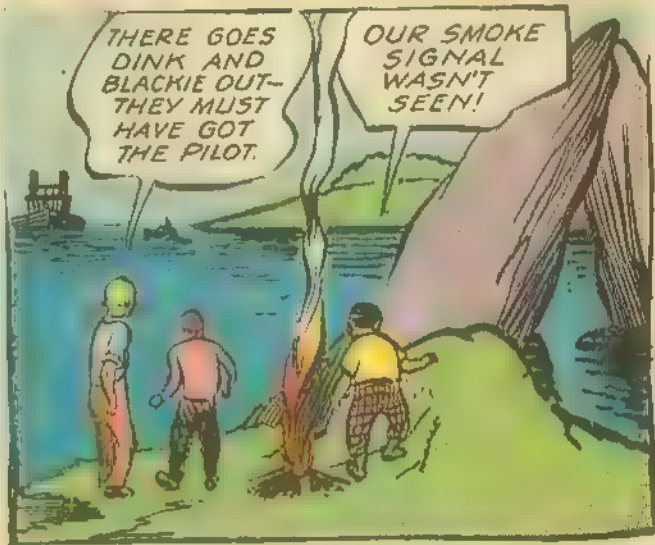
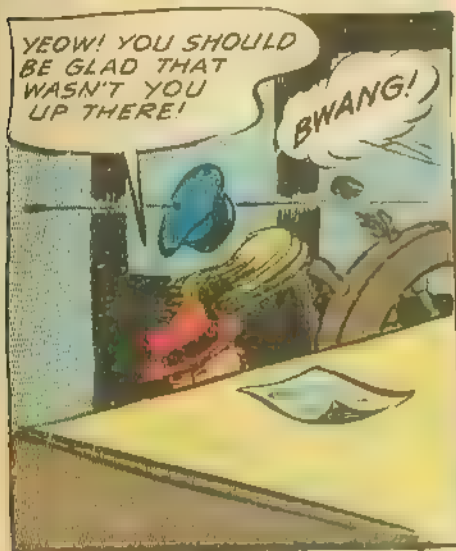
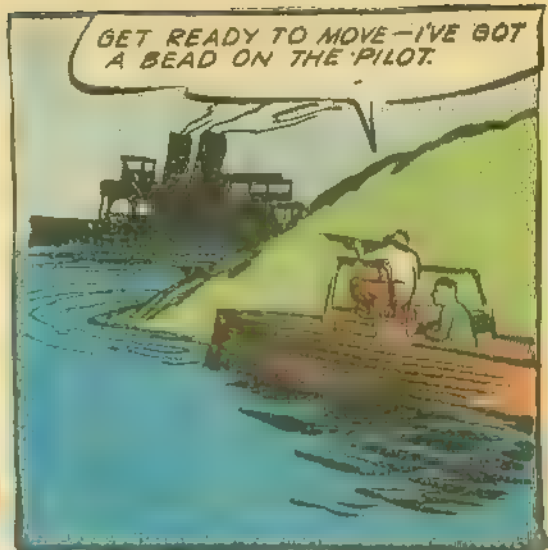
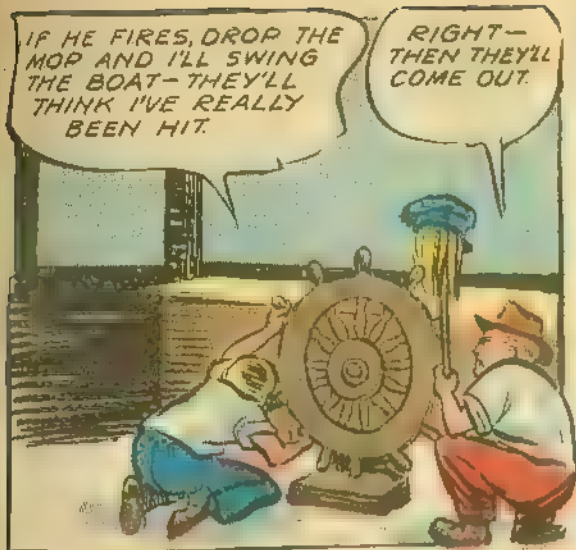
EGGY IS CAUGHT IN A LOG CHUTE ROARING INTO THE RIVER RIGHT AT THE PIRATES, BLACKIE BURNS AND DINK POLLARD.

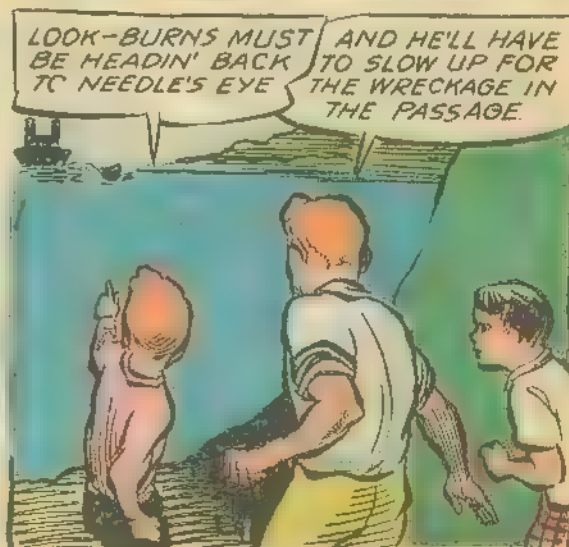
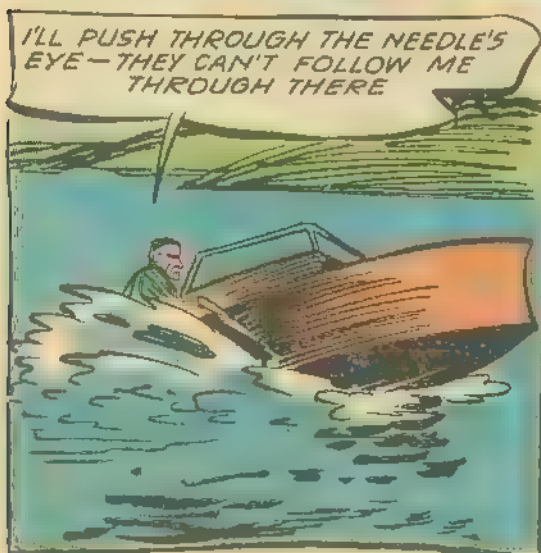
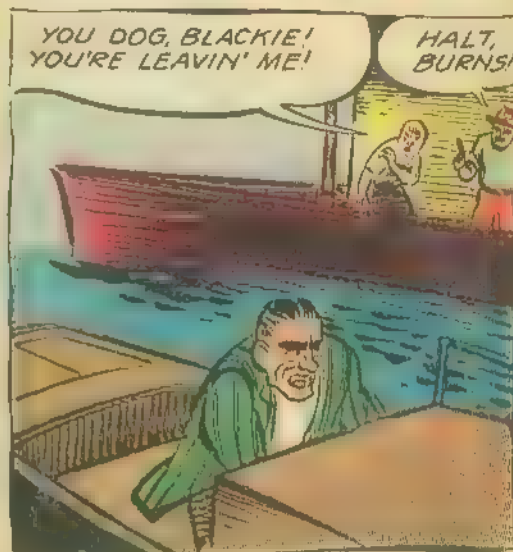
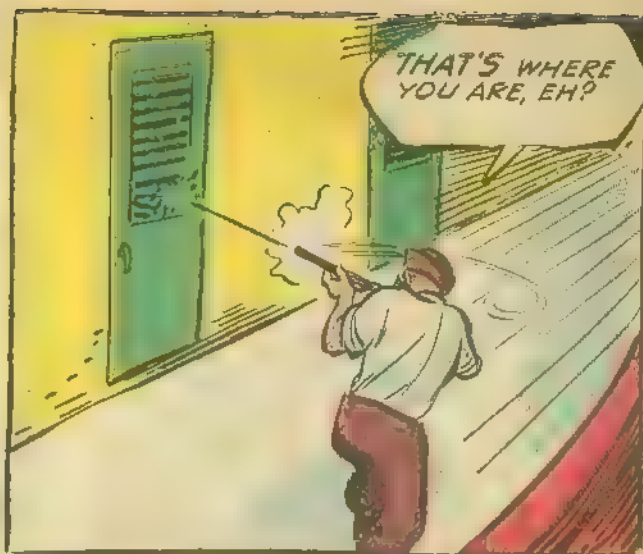


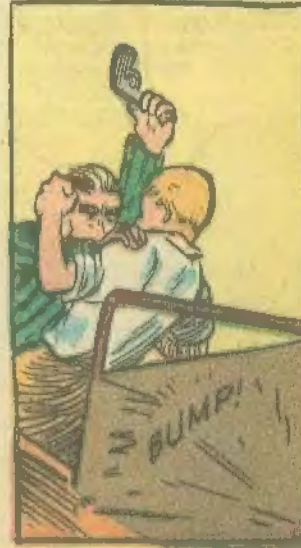










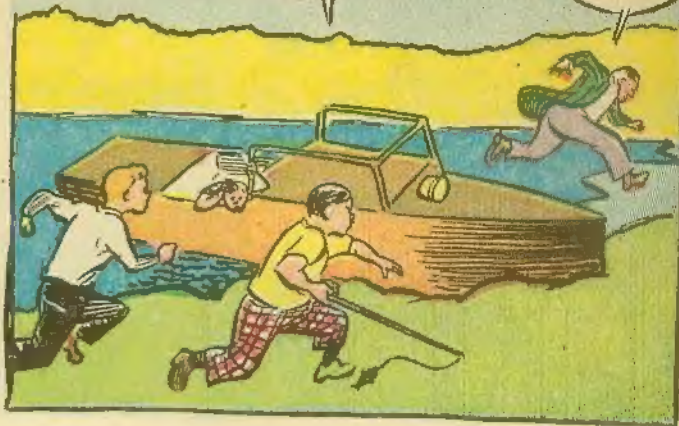


GOOD—THAT JAR'S THROWN HIM INTO THE CABIN—SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF KNOCKING HIM OUT.



HALT, BLACKIE! OR I'LL WHIP THIS BASS PLUG ROUND YOUR EARS!

NOW WHAT?



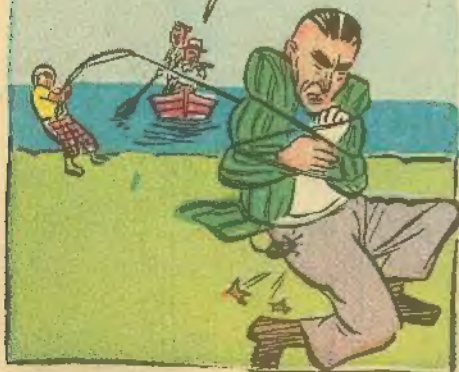
WHAT THE—



BEAUTIFUL CASTING, EGGY.

SLOW DOWN, BURNS, YOU'RE COVERED!

OWTCH!



MUCH LATER.

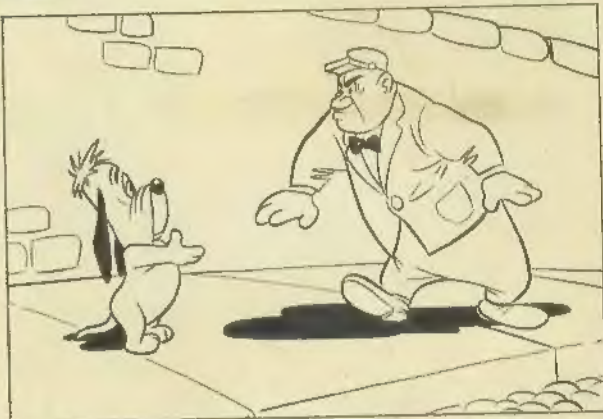
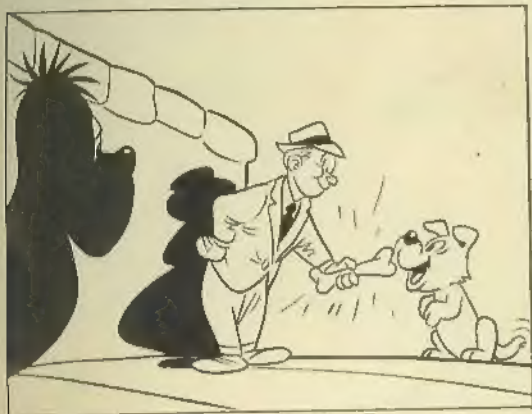
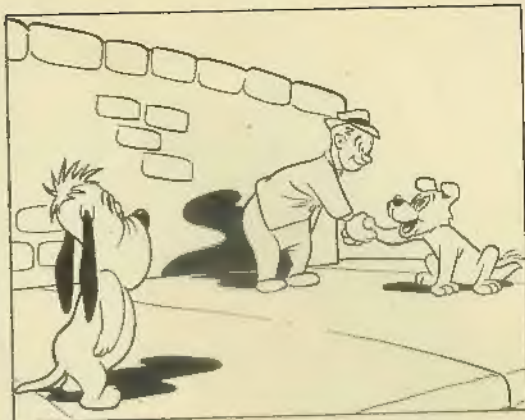
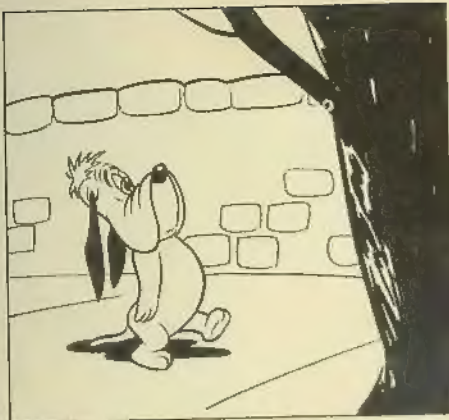
YOU SHOULD MAKE HIM ROW BACK TO THE DEXTER, SHERIFF.

HE SHOULD WALK—THANKS AGAIN, BOYS. THE REWARD WILL RUN INTO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—IN CHINESE MONEY.



OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

DOOPY



Study the faces on this page CAREFULLY



If you have not already guessed it—the happy ones are regular subscribers, the others have not as yet made this discovery. Let's have less of them.

To reduce their dwindling numbers, fill out the subscription blank below.

Why shouldn't *you* be laughing too.

How many happy ones do you count?

How many unhappy ones do you count?

How about the ones with their backs turned?

If you think you have the answer, check with your friends. Don't tell *us* unless you send it together with a filled-out coupon. Even then we won't be able to tell you whether you are right (we don't know ourselves).

But we will promise to mail you the magazine promptly every month until the subscription runs out!

MAIL TO: DELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

20G

SEND OUR GANG with TOM & JERRY TO:

FILL OUT THIS SIDE IF YOURS IS A BIRTHDAY SUBSCRIPTION

Name _____ Age _____

GIFT CARD TO READ FROM:

Street and Number _____

Donor's
Name _____

City _____ State _____

Address _____

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

CHECK ONE ☐ \$1.00—1 Year ☐ \$1.75—2 Years ☐ \$2.50—3 Years

Relationship _____

If you wish to send more than one subscription use plain paper giving above information